Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1772.

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THE BYSTANDER DECEMBER 1, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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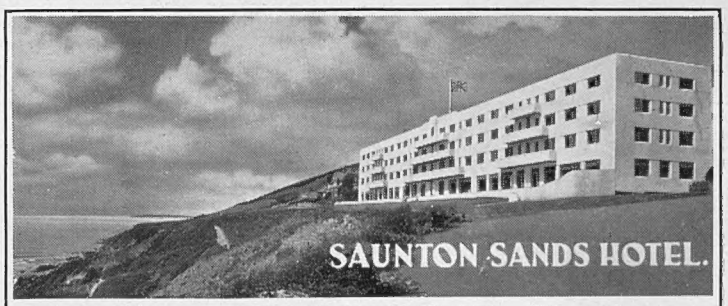

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FRANCE—*Continued.*

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The Bystander, December 1, 1937 No. 1772. Vol. CXXXVI.

The Bystander

Anthony

John Gielgud as a Man of Sentiment

John Gielgud gives a beautifully polished performance as Joseph Surface in *The School for Scandal*, carrying off that gentleman's hypocritical roguery with sure and subtle comedy and uttering his sentiments and moralities with a perfection of melodious swiftness and wit. There is as regretful a pleasure in the discomfiture of such an attractive villain as there is pleasurable regret for the too-brief appearance of his magnificent dressing-gown in the last Act. *The School for Scandal*, brilliantly acted, produced by Tyrone Guthrie, and dressed and set by Motley, is at the Queen's since last Thursday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Of all the international conferences which have been held since the war—and Heaven knows there have been plenty—the two least effective have been the World Economic Conference and the Brussels Conference on the Far East. Oddly enough, the same man played an important part in both. It was President Roosevelt who torpedoed the first ship as it left the launching-slip and reached the water; it was President Roosevelt whose brave words at Chicago led to the summoning of the Brussels Conference and to the high hopes with which it met. But, alas! the President's speech was nothing but words, and it soon became painfully clear that the American delegate was eager to take his place among the rank and file of the troops assembled at Brussels, and not have anything to do with leadership. That was the end of the Conference to all intents and purposes, and after wobbling about like the exact opposite of the Army of Haiti (which consisted of one thousand one hundred and sixty-two generals and seven privates), it has faded away into that mist into which fade ultimately all jelly-fishes.

As the purpose, design, object aimed at, and result achieved by the Halifax mission to Berlin has been carefully wrapped up in a huge mass of almost invisible cotton-wool, it would be absurd to write any comments upon it. There are those who say that the visit was neatly engineered while Mr. Eden was in Brussels. There are those who suggest that Lord Londonderry was actively concerned in the "plot." There are even one or two who hint that Mr. Eden threatened to resign over it. But this is the merest tittle-tattle of the street-corners and the market-places. For myself, I know nothing about it.

But ignorant though I am, there is one thing I cannot help noticing. Let me assume that the tittle-tattle is correct, and that powerful secret forces impelled the Halifax visit; that Mr. Eden was not consulted; that he was indignant at the whole proceeding. I say, let me assume all that. What card would Mr. Eden play in reply to the (alleged) Londonderry card? He would, of course, invite the French Prime Minister to London for a talk. It would be the perfect answer. It would show the world that Anglo-French solidarity was as solid as it ever had been. Oddly enough, by the strangest coincidence, that is precisely what has happened. The French Prime Minister was invited to come over here at once, and he accepted with enthusiasm. It is, of course, a coincidence just as plausible as any that ever came out of a John Buchan novel.

The discoveries of the French police in their pursuit of the now famous Hooded Men are pure and simple Oppenheim, with the exception that, so far, no dark and beautiful Polish countess has yet appeared on the scene. As the matter stands at present, the Hooded Ones are aiming at the restoration of the French Monarchy, to be followed by the usual dictatorship. But things move so quickly in France that in a week's time it may turn out that the plot is really a Bonapartist attempt to restore the Consulate, or a Jacobin design to reconstitute the Club in the Rue des Cordeliers. It may even be an elaborate hoax to prove the efficiency of the French police, or it may be part of M. René Clair's new film. At the moment, the most authentic note about the documents which are said to have been found is the scheme for invading the Chamber of Deputies by way of the sewers of Paris. This is in the old-established tradition of French politics.

First-Night Celebrities

First-nighters had all they wanted last week with a new production every evening from Monday to Friday. Miss G. B. Stern and Mr. Somerset Maugham went to see St. John Ervine's play, "Robert's Wife." In the background may be discerned the stately figure of Mr. A. G. Macdonell

Whatever may be the outcome of the affair of the Cagoulards, one thing is pretty certain, and that is, that ever since the explosion of the Stavisky affair, things have been pretty difficult in France. And the chief cause of the difficulties is the profound suspicion with which the average Frenchman regards the politicians who run the country. On the whole, the average Frenchman has a number of pretty good reasons for this distrust.

Rumours continue to come through from Poland about the imminence of a coup d'état to suppress the present constitution and substitute something on Fascist lines. It is certain that there is grave uneasiness in that unfortunate country at the moment. Quite apart from the international repercussions of such a coup, a terrible problem would be created by the position of Polish Jewry. There are three and a half million Jews in Poland (which has been for a thousand years an asylum for the race), and if a Fascist Warsaw decided to expel them, or even a third of them, a terrible situation would result.

There are persistent rumours that the Government intends to hold a General Election in the early part of next year, the reason being given that a slump is impending and that the Government would sooner go to the country before unemployment begins to mount rather than afterwards.

I fancy that an election unnecessarily soon would be very unpopular indeed in the country, but not to the extent of turning out the National Government. In other words, a cross and sulky electorate would return the Government again.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Charles Cochran of the Government, has announced that there will be no limit in the future to the appointment of Territorials to the command of Territorial formations. That is to say, a

Lord Southwood Welcomed the Queen

Lord Southwood was the host of the Coronation commemoration concert at the Palladium on Tuesday of last week and he was presented to their Majesties on their arrival at the theatre. The concert was for wounded soldiers and sailors, who were entertained afterwards to a big tea and who made an appreciative audience to the Crazy Gang and others

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Lord Halifax — Unofficial Ambassador

What Lord Halifax would say to Herr Hitler and what the Führer said to the Lord President of the Council: these were subjects of a hundred speculations, and a batch of sensational headlines. Last Wednesday the Cabinet received Lord Halifax's report on his conversations with Hitler and von Neurath, and during the last two days the French Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have been let into the secrets. By way of a House of Commons debate on the international situation, the public are expected to receive their instalment of the news very shortly. Germany approved of Lord Halifax as an unofficial visitor, considered he had made a promising first contact and given an impression of sympathy and fairness. In Berlin, where he inspected thoroughly the International Game Exhibition, the Joint-Master of the Middleton received the neat and friendly nickname of "Halalifax," "Halali" being a German hunting cry

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 310)

Territorial may attain the rank of major-general commanding a division. This is a step in the right direction, overdue by almost exactly a quarter of a century. During the war, out of all the thousands of educated, intelligent, and talented civilians who held commissions, only fifty-two were able to creep through the barbed-wire entanglements of the Regular Army and become brigadier-generals. It was not uncommon for a Regular general, on taking command of a Territorial division, instantly to reduce all temporary officers by one rank. Mr. Hore-Belisha has altered that bizarre position with a stroke of his St. Vitus-like pen. But I fear that it will take more than a stroke even of his pen to alter the bizarre attitude of mind which makes such craziness possible.

IN the great financial crisis of 1931, the cost of a passport was raised to fifteen shillings, to encourage people to spend their money at home. Two years ago the Government was asked to reduce the cost, but declined, on the grounds that a reduction would mean that the Passport Office would not pay its way. Now Mr. Eden says that the revenue from passports exceeds the cost of the Office by £100,000, and yet the fifteen shillings is not to be reduced.

As the *Manchester Guardian* points out, the extra seven-and-six does not affect the well-to-do, but it is hard luck on the members, say, of the Workers' Travel Association. They can go to France or Belgium for a long week-end without a passport, but if they make it a week they have to fork out another fifteen shillings, and this may be their only chance of a Continental holiday for several years.

THE mysterious and menacing law of libel continues to sweep the courts. Hardly a day passes without some unfortunate author, publisher, and printer being hauled up to the King's Bench Division because they had combined to put into a book that a Mr. John Smith had cast a roving eye at a Mrs. Mabel Jones. Surely it has been amply proved over and over again that the law of libel ought to be drastically altered.

LILIAN BAYLIS was a great woman. What drive she had! What courage! What vision! Miss Horniman and Miss Baylis dead in the same year. What is to happen to the imaginative theatre? Miss Baylis dragged Shakespeare out of his magnificent and comic settings at His Majesty's and plumped him down on the South Bank within reach of the people. How Will would have adored her, who showed his plays on his own Bank to the people he wrote them for.

STATUES are to be put up in London in the near future to Earl Jellicoe and Earl Beatty. Everyone can understand why Jellicoe should be commemorated. As Mr. Churchill has so finely said, Jellicoe, alone of generals and admirals on both sides in the war, could have lost the war in half an hour. He did not lose it. He remained superbly cool in the most desperate crises. But if a statue of Beatty is going to be put up as a sort of parallel to Jellicoe, we may well rub our eyes and wonder why there is no equestrian statue of French in Whitehall.

THE hours of play in next year's Test matches against the Australians have now been fixed. They are to be half an hour shorter than in the past, and the matches are to last for four days. Considering how many drawn Test matches there have been in this country since the war, it seems a bit odd to diminish still further the chances of getting results.

THERE are charity balls for Dockland Settlements, for old horses, for the children of blind ex-Servicemen, for baby clinics in Shoreditch, for the welfare of tubercular charladies, and for many another deserving cause. The best which has ever come my way is the forthcoming charity ball—tickets two guineas a nob—in aid of that beautiful, Samaritan, almost-St.-Francis-of-Assisi institution, the Eton College Beagles. I sincerely trust that all readers of the "Passing Hour" will cough up their forty-two bobs to help the dismal little pauper children to have an occasional afternoon in the fresh air with those sweet little hares.

DOROTHY PARKER has been a legendary figure over here for years. Her wit! Her epigrams! Her stories! And I think that she would have remained a legendary figure if, in an unfortunate moment, she had not allowed one of our evening newspapers to publish some of her short stories. Dreary, tedious, formless rubbish is the kindest thing I can say of them. Put them beside a Somerset Maugham or an O. Henry, and what? And the same goes for Ring Lardner.

FINDING myself in the country on a foggy Sunday with nothing very much to do, I tackled one of those general knowledge tests which certain Sunday newspapers publish. I was astonished to find that the newspaper itself did not know the answers to quite a number of its own questions. There was, in fact, a ludicrous series of mistakes. Admitted that certain Sunday newspapers get pretty near everything wrong in their news columns, even so you would have thought that an encyclopædia might be kept handy somewhere in the office.

A Despatch-Rider Takes the Plunge

Lieut. the Hon. E. Denison Pender took this water-splash cheerfully as part of the thirty miles of fog, cold, mud and long grass which the City of London (Territorial) Signals planned out for their despatch-riders at Latimer, Bucks. He is Lord Pender's son

The Host Helps a Guest on His Way

Latimer belongs to Lord Chesham, and it was over his ground that the despatch-riders were let loose for their annual reliability trials. He came across this one stuck in the mud and gave him a shove, while the rider did the swearing. Latimer dogs were also interested

Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin

Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski act together in the *100 Men and a Girl*. The story is an insignificant one—of a plucky girl who, with the great conductor's help, puts a hundred out-of-work musicians back into action. The real interest of the film is the music and the sound recording. The Philadelphia symphony orchestra, under Stokowski, play excerpts from Wagner, Tchaikowsky and Liszt; Deanna Durbin's voice—which burst on to the screen in *Three Smart Girls*—is heard in Mozart and Verdi. And for sound-tracking the orchestra, an invention by Stokowski himself was used: different microphones were suspended over different sections of the orchestra, and six simultaneous recordings were made. They were then re-recorded with Stokowski himself at the "mixer" controls. So we may imagine the conductor of the future not raising his finger to the oboes, but turning round a knob a little. The film comes to the Leicester Square Theatre next Tuesday, with a charity premiere in aid of the Voluntary Hospitals of London

Social Register

TWO WEDDINGS

Lt. the Hon. Peter Carew and Miss Barbara Leigh-Bennett

Lieut. the Hon. Peter Carew, R.N., Lord Carew's youngest brother, and Barbara Leigh-Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Leigh-Bennett, of 14, Ashburn Place, S.W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and have gone to Valescure for their honeymoon

Freiherr v. Stauffenberg and Lady Camilla Acheson

Hans Christoph Freiherr Schenk von Stauffenberg and Lady Camilla Acheson were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of Freiherr Schenk von Stauffenberg, of Wilflingen, Würtemberg, and Huberta Freifrau von Stauffenberg; she is the elder daughter of the Earl of Gosford and Mildred, Countess of Gosford

A CHRISTENING

Mary

Mr. and Mrs. David christened Mary at Barracks, and had Lady

SUPPERS FOR TWO

The Marquis and

The Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury were married a week or two ago; before that she was Mrs. Dudley Ward

On the right is the ex-Queen of Spain, looking at the portrait of Queen Marie of Roumania, and below is the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke with the Archbishop of Canterbury's portrait in the exhibition of the late Philip de László's pictures, which opened at the Wildenstein Galleries on the day of his death. It is being held in aid of the London Hospital and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution

The ex-Queen of Spain

AT THE DE LÁSZLÓ EXHIBITION

The Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke

AT THE ICE REVUE

Miss Catherine Stanley, Lord and Lady Castlereagh

YOUNG MARRIEDS IN LONDON

Fisher-Rowe

Fisher - Rowe's daughter was the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Bessborough (left) as a godmother

Mr. and Mrs. "Bob" Gregory

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory had supper at the Dorchester on their wedding night. She was Valerie Brooke, youngest daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, and he is a well-known "all-in" wrestler

YOUNG MARRIEDS IN MONTE CARLO

Lord and Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart

Lord Bute's son and his Swedish wife have been honeymooning on the Riviera; they were married in October. Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart was Jane von Bahr

Marquise de Casa Maury

The Earl and Countess of Birkenhead

Below: waiting to go in to their Café de Paris table are Mrs. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, the Comtesse Constandos, and the Czechoslovakian Minister, M. Jan Masaryk, son of the late President of Czechoslovakia

Two of the Programme-Sellers

Miss Anne Capel and Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy were two of the programme-sellers at the charity premiere of "Marina," the ice revue at Earl's Court. Lord and Lady Castlereagh took their niece, Catherine Stanley, Lady Maureen Stanley's fifteen-year-old daughter, with them

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, Comtesse Constandos and M. Jan Masaryk

John Everard

Hungarian Knight, Italian Lady

Ralph Richardson is the Hungarian knight, Peter Agardi, and Diana Wynyard is the Italian lady, Zilia Duca, in *The Silent Knight*, at the St. James's. Humbert Wolfe made the verse adaptation from the Hungarian; the rich and lovely dresses are by G. K. Benda. A review of the play appears on the opposite page

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Silent Knight" (St. James's)

THERE dwelt once in the city of Montcalieri a young and wealthy widow who, dedicating herself to chastity and prayer, was no less renowned for her virtue than for her great beauty. In quest of this widow's hand came many suitors, amongst whom a certain Hungarian knight was not the least importunate, besieging the fair lady with serenades and offerings of precious jewels, until finally she consented to favour him with one kiss if he would promise to perform in payment whatever she should command.

Which kiss being given and returned, the cruel widow imposed on the unfortunate knight a vow of silence for three years, so that, when he returned to the Hungarian Court, all thought him to be stricken dumb.

Troubadour : Anthony Quayle

IT so fell out, however, that ere the term of the knight's silence had expired, the heart of the widow became so softened that she journeyed into Hungary for the purpose of effecting a cure. Being informed that the penalty for failure would be nothing less than death, she was nothing daunted, believing that she had only to release the knight from his vow to set his tongue wagging once more. But the knight, being resolved on a pretty revenge, still obstinately maintained his silence, so that the lady, fearful for her life, now bestowed on her mute lover more kisses than he had hoped for even in his dreams, and not until she had passed the night with him and given him his desire did he permit one word to pass his lips.

After which, they were happily married, with much pomp and costume, on a revolving stage, symbolic, it may be, of the revolving chances and changes of this life, or even of the revolving rhymes which come round and round at intervals in this rather dilatory romaunt.

Sketches by Rouson

Hungary's Royal House : Lyn Harding and Margaretta Scott

LET it not be thought that, in adapting this Hungarian success, Mr. Humbert Wolfe has done his work unskilfully. He may, perhaps, have been unwise to keep to rhymed couplets throughout. Variations in versification would have saved us from becoming rhyme-conscious. The essential flaw is in the lack of incident which, spread over nine scenes, is not really enough for more than two. In order to eke out what is by nature a forty-minute entertainment, Mr. Otto Niedermoder and Mr. G. K. Benda have been given the run of the managerial cheque-book for scenery and costumes, with the consequence that the charm, delicacy and restraint native to the theme have been sumptuously and devastatingly overlaid. The directing hand of a Michel St. Denis might have worked—and unworked—miracles.

AS to the acting, only two performances matter. Miss Diana Wynyard's Renaissance widow is delicious in feeling and admirable in general management. But is she a poet's actress ? Has she ever savoured a good word ? The language of emotion she understands and presents, but to the emotion of language she does not appear to be sensitive. Mr. Ralph Richardson, on the other hand, besides being one of the few modern actors who are better in costume than out of it, is a fine and impressionable speaker of verse. Strange that in this piece he should never be better than when he is not speaking at all. In his silence there is depth, humour, romance and poetry. I do not remember to have seen a more eloquent nodder.

The silent knight and the frightened lady : Ralph Richardson and Diana Wynyard

Films of the Day

If Chekhov had been American: By George Campbell

"THE trouble is," said Mr. Bernard Shaw, explaining why he and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn could not do business, "the trouble is that I 'm only interested in money, and you 're only interested in art."

The witticism was considered very funny, it being generally accepted that Mr. Goldwyn is a twentieth-century Barnum, whereas Mr. Shaw is a very artistic and uncommercial man indeed. Which is all very true, of course, except that Mr. Shaw has probably made well over a million dollars, in an austere sort of way, while Mr. Goldwyn has made some very artistic and not very commercial pictures, including *Dead End*.

Dead End will cause no panic at the box-office. The man who offered a fortune to Maurice Maeterlinck for a scenario, only to find (so the story goes) that the hero was a bee, has never lacked courage or respect for the arts. He is reported to have paid Sidney Kingsley £30,000 for the film rights of *Dead End*. He must have known that he would be lucky to get it back, but he went ahead just the same, giving the production every asset that experience could suggest and money could buy in the way of cast, writing, direction and décor.

"DEAD END" is the sort of story Chekhov might have written if he had been born half a century later, on the opposite side of the Atlantic. There is the same note of frustration and despair that you find in *Uncle Vanya*. Blank grey Russian scene, with its intellectuals talking, talking, talking, till they perish of spiritual dry-rot; New York slum with its characters battling against poverty and squalor until they are defeated—it is practically all one. Life is a dead end, anyway. Why struggle against destiny?

But Chekhov was a Russian and a pessimist; Kingsley is an American, and optimist enough to believe that man may struggle against environment, and win. At least two of the characters in *Dead End* escape what Chekhov's people would have accepted—certainly not dumbly, but almost unresentfully—as fate. The great scene in *Uncle Vanya*, hardly surpassed in the whole field of tragi-comedy, is that in which poor Vanya nerves himself to the one decisive action of his life, pulls the trigger—and misses. Mr. Kingsley's hero, being an American, is a go-getter. He can be stabbed in the back and thrown into a river, and still climb out with strength enough to knock out one able-bodied gangster and shoot another dead.

Though Chekhov's vision is truer to life in general, Kingsley's is not necessarily untrue of America. As a small boy, he himself knew the conditions he postulates in *Dead End*; Mr. Goldwyn is a proof that the poor can rise to fame and riches; the Schencks, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, are only a few of the celebrities who escaped from the New York ghetto.

IF I seem to be discussing its philosophic background at unusual length, it is because I feel *Dead End* is an important picture, worth taking seriously. But don't let me deter you. It is also an entertaining picture, full of action, keenly observed character-drawing, and shrewd humour. The slum boys who play the young gangsters are terrific. I can well believe that they were terrors in the studio, and that the poor woman appointed to be their governess—for all but one are under eighteen, and the law required four hours' daily teaching on the set—is probably the real heroine of the production.

Humphrey Bogart makes a haunting, almost pathetic figure of the gangster who comes back after ten years to see his mother and sweetheart. "You dog!" moans the old woman, and strikes him across the face. The girl, embracing him in a dark alley, momentarily shares his rapture; they recall their youth when they looked at the stars and dreamed. She steps into the light and he sees her for what she has become—a harlot. Bitterly, without looking at her, he strips off a roll of bills. A sentimental writer would have made the girl refuse them. Mr. Kingsley knows life. "Couldn't you spare just another twenty?" she whines mechanically. "*No!*" snarls the gangster, and she leaves him homeless, motherless, heart-broken, with twenty-five thousand stolen dollars in his pocket.

Marjorie Main, given only a minute or two, makes a tremendous figure of the mother; Joel McCrea and Sylvia Sidney play hero and heroine with sincerity and force, and all the supporting players are excellent. Of Lillian Hellman's adaptation and William Wyler's direction I can only say that both, to me, seemed flawless.

IF there is one thing certain about film-making, it is that no star should ever direct himself. It is true that in making *The Sky 's the Limit*, Jack Buchanan had Lee Garmes as co-director; true also that this new British farce, with his high spirits and more equitable distribution of footage amongst the supporting players, shows that Mr. Buchanan is learning film technique.

I can't help feeling, though, that an independent director and editor would have speeded up the tempo, cut some of Mr. Buchanan's (dare I say?) rather old-fashioned tap-dancing, and eliminated some of the shriller passages from Mara Losseff's songs, and some of the coyer mannerisms from her acting. I hate to be rude to a lady, especially a lady from Central Europe, but at present she is more arch than somewhat.

PEOPLE—nice people in the ordinary way, faithful wives, good sons—keep writing to me to ask how to earn a lot of money quickly by writing for the screen. One answer is that if I knew I would. Another is that L'Estrange Fawcett's *Writing for the Films*, a revised edition of which has just been published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, gives a deal of advice that the beginner will find valuable.

"Dead End"—the Kids and the Heroine and Hero—Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea

The "Dead End" kids played their parts in the New York stage version before Samuel Goldwyn decided to make a film of Sidney Kingsley's play. Lillian Hellman, who wrote "The Children's Hour," did the adapting; Humphrey Bogart has a big gangster part in the film, which is reviewed here, and is running at the Gaumont

Off the Set at Denham

The three on the right are Viscount Acheson, who arrives by bicycle, Harold Huth, the M.-G.-M. casting director, and Colin Douglas-Lesslie. Colin Lesslie (as he's called at Denham) does the "charting"—i.e., arranges the order in which scenes will be shot

After a Canteen Lunch

The Director Takes a Breather

Jack Conway is directing the Robert Taylor-Maureen O'Sullivan picture, "A Yank at Oxford." He had just come off the set for a moment, wearing a Royal Stuart muffler for luck—he bought it in Hollywood

The Stand-In

Maureen O'Sullivan was dressed for a winter sports scene in "A Yank at Oxford." So was her pretty English stand-in, Dorothy Oldfield, who was wearing the same kind of gloves, but has fairer hair

The Star—Maureen O'Sullivan

Right: Miss Mala Brand and Mrs. Harold Huth, the casting director's wife, spent some time exploring the Denham grounds and the strewn acres of disused "props"

Exploring Visitors

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 48
Henry Sherek

With a portrait specially drawn for The Bystander *by Gerald L. Brockhurst, R.A.*

Henry Sherek, virtual king of Mayfair's cabaret world and brother-in-law of Lord Falmouth, was born in London on April 23rd, 1900. Nevertheless, he saw four years of active service. For he joined the Westminster Dragoons on his fifteenth birthday, served in Egypt and Gallipoli, transferred to the Rifle Brigade, served in France, was wounded three times and came out of the Army as a captain. He still has a rifle bullet in his stomach which accounts partially for his gigantic size (he weighs over 20 stone). The doctors, you see, won't let him diet or it might move and be the death of him. The war over, he went up to Cambridge and then over to Paris to paint under Galmier. As a child he had been educated at a military school in Mecklenburg and later at Yverdon in Switzerland. As a child, too, he had learnt to travel all over Europe by himself. For his father, Bernard Sherek, ran a big international theatrical agent's business: employing C. B. Cochran for three years and Charlot for seven, and controlling the Alhambra in Paris, too. It was to study the show business in the United States that Henry finally gave up his ideas of becoming a painter. His two other brothers had been killed in the war, and he had to take over his father's offices off Leicester Square.

Since then he has developed from the booking of acrobatic turns to becoming one of the leading showmen in the country. It was Henry who discovered Gracie Allen and Burns in America, booked them for the Victoria Palace at £90 a week and—so they say—"made" them. It was Henry, too, who booked George Arliss for England and Simone Simon for Hollywood. To-day he has two hundred artists and acts on his books. He runs the cabaret shows at the Dorchester, the Mayfair, and the Ritz. He is responsible for many of the turns at the Berkeley, the Trianon and the Savoy. He has now crossed the Atlantic twenty-eight times, and he knows every leading act in the world. In a few weeks' time he is putting on *Idiot's Delight*, the American play which has caused such a sensation over there. He is a little dubious about the early origin of his name. His great grandparents were French and then moved to Germany during the Napoleonic Wars. He himself owns three apartment-houses in Berlin, but of course, cannot get the rent money out. He is very fond of moselle at luncheon and Mouton-Rothschild at dinner. He used to keep wicket for the Incogs and the Wanderers, plays at golf still. Henry is a persistent laugher and genuinely prefers a witticism to ten per cent. But he would sooner have been a newspaperman than anything. He once offered himself to the *Daily Express* for £5 a week—but was turned down. He alternates between his permanent suite at the Dorchester and the late Sir Herbert Tree's offices in the Dome of His Majesty's Theatre. His friends call him Elephant Boy, but he moves very quickly for a man of his size. He doesn't drink spirits and, oddly enough, doesn't honestly like late nights. But I think that anyone who knows him will agree that he is an extraordinarily good-natured fellow. And he almost always meets the new artists whom he has booked at Southampton, because he thinks they may feel lonely in a strange country.

Charles Graves

Norman Parkinson

Flying Fish — An Aerial Torpedo

This monstrous, blunt-nosed flying-fish is a Mark 8 naval torpedo waiting on its stand to be loaded on the aeroplane for torpedo practice. It weighs 1424 lb. and measures 16½ feet. And it reappears in the pictures on the next two pages

With the Services (11)

Aerial Torpedo Practice with the Fleet Air Arm (Part I)

Off goes the school to the practice ground, the leading 'plane of each flight without a torpedo but containing an R.A.F. squadron-leader as instructor, the other aeroplanes loaded, and flown by the naval lieutenants under instruction

In Close

While flying in close formation towards the object of attack, the pilots never take their eyes off the leading aeroplane, from which all orders are signalled

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Left: the loading operation is performed by two aircraftmen

Formation—a Fairey Swordfish from the Squadron-Leader's 'Plane

These pictures were taken during a day of instruction in aerial torpedo-dropping given by R.A.F. squadron-leaders to naval lieutenants. The aeroplane used is a Fairey Swordfish, with one Bristol Pegasus 650-h.p. engine, folding wings, a cruising speed of 110 m.p.h., and a flat-out speed of 135 m.p.h. Fully loaded, the machine has a range of four hours. The crew of three, pilot, observer and wireless operator, sit in that order in cockpits between airscrew and tail. This aeroplane, the standard of the Fleet Air Arm, and normally working from an aircraft-carrier, is known as a T.S.R.: T for torpedo, S for spotting, R for reconnaissance. Next week we shall publish further photographs of aerial torpedo practice, showing the aeroplane diving at its mark and the torpedoes being fired

On the right are some dummy torpedoes with no driving power which are used only for practice in dropping

Smiling at the Camera's Wicked Eye

Deep Notes from Elisabeth Welch

Sight Into Space

Television Comes to Stay

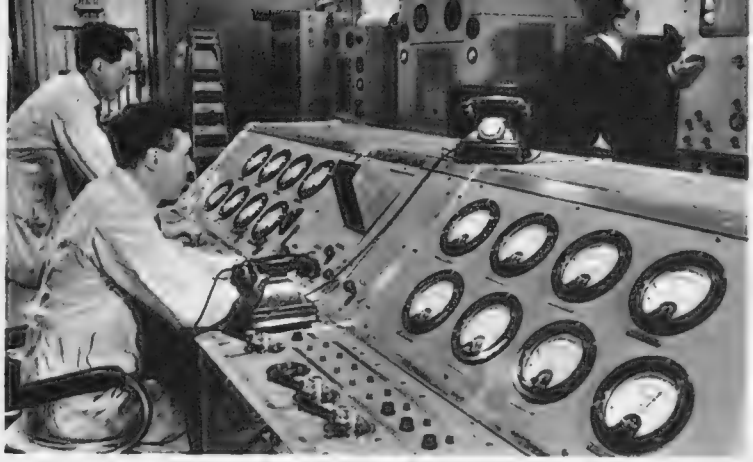
Sight transmission is in full swing from the Alexandra Palace and at present it is the only full-time television service in the world. These pictures were taken during the broadcasting of a show called *Song and Dance*, with the exception of the Pirandello short below. Don't ask us to be technical about the sixteen metres at the right, above, or the arms on the mast, or the three Emitron cameras below, but note the operatives all wearing headphones and the soundproof boxes they put producers in (not a bad idea)

Photographs by Hutten

Earth Contacts Æther

A Pirandello Play Goes Over

The Producers' Control Room



The Engineers' Control Room

Below: Frances Day As Televisors Don't See Her

"The White Squadron"

Right: El Fennek (Cœsare Polacco), a veteran desert campaigner, warns the young Lieut. Ludovici (Antonio Centa) against the dangers of wasting water

Below: but when it comes to fighting, Ludovici shows that he can get the maximum effect from bullets

Fosco Giachetti as the Courageous Captain Santelia

An Ambush Under the Sunset

Lo Squadrone Bianco is Italy's first serious contribution to the film world since the advent of the talkie. The book on which it is based was the Prix Goncourt winner in 1935—Joseph Peyré's *L'Escadron Blanc*. The film itself, directed by Augusto Genina, won the Mussolini Cup at last year's congress of Venice. It is a simple tale of comradeship for man v. love for woman; it was shot mainly in Libya, and gives a strong impression of the harsh beauty of desert life. Paris has already acclaimed this film, which went to the Academy cinema last Thursday

"Mademoiselle Docteur"

Claire Luce Crosses Stroheim's Path

This Max Schach film was directed by Edmond Greville, now safely established as a king, if not ace director. It suits his genre excellently, for it is an espionage story with the old but ever-fresh motif of a woman spy whose heart gets mixed with her business—in fact, it is love for one man that puts her into the game, love for another that puts her out of it. Dita Parlo is the girl in question, Erich von Stroheim (his first English picture) plays the sinister German wire-puller of the spy system, John Loder is an English secret agent, in love with Mademoiselle, Claire Luce is an espionette in love with him: stock figures in fact, and a can't-go-wrong plot which takes you to Salonika. There is plenty of action and "Mademoiselle Docteur" should be as good a spy-story as any; it comes to London Pavilion in a week or so

Dita Parlo Crosses Stroheim's Path

Left: Stroheim's Path Comes to an End

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, Headmaster of Stowe

John Fergusson Roxburgh was born in 1888 in Edinburgh. He received a liberal education at Charterhouse, Trinity College, Cambridge (reading Classics), and the Sorbonne (taking an L. ès L. in record time). When war broke out he was sixth-form master at Lancing and he returned to his class-room after a longish interval with the Sappers in France. Stowe House, for long the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham, became Stowe School in 1923, and Mr. Roxburgh was chosen as its first headmaster; under him the school quickly gave the lie to the belief that an English educational institution has to be old to be honoured. Within ten years, Stowe (golf-course and all) took its place in the front rank. "J. F." sometimes throws controversial stones into educational discussions, is a connoisseur of detective novels, a fisherman and an amateur architectural photographer

"Bystander" Short Story No. 115

Blood on the Moon

By Dorothy Bennett

Illustration by Holland

"THERE are two gentlemen to see you, Mrs. Landon," said the sedate, middle-aged maid, appearing at the doorway. "They say they 're from the police."

"Police!" said young Mrs. Landon in a tone of surprise and amusement. "Ask them to come in, please, Amelia."

She rose from the yellow damask davenport as the two men entered the living-room. She was very graceful, very smart, in a way that matched her yellow-and-brown room. She had brown hair worn in sculptured short curls, brown eyes, fair skin, and an appealing smile. She was very fond of big bowls of chrysanthemums in white and cream, and white pottery figures and horses and ash-trays set about on severe little tables. She affected odd and original rings, semi-precious stones.

You could look at her and see her income, her mind, her class, and the sort of man she had married. She was very definite. As definitely smart as an expensive fashion magazine—or as her room.

The two men who came in didn't belong in the room. Not as the man she had married belonged in that setting. One was fair-haired, rather indefinite in his grey overcoat until you began to notice the stolidity of his medium-height figure under the unobtrusive grey coat, the stolidity of his square face under the deceptive fair hair. He was police. You knew it then. The other young man was even more definitely out of place. He was a tall, rangy young man in careless clothes, with dark hair in disorder, and a very white face, and dark eyes looking out of that face.

"Mrs. Landon?" said the fair-haired man, taking charge of the conversation. "My name 's Harper—Inspector in the detective division. We want to talk to you."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Landon graciously. She sank on to her yellow silk davenport again, and waved the two men to chairs. She smiled at them encouragingly, a bit of excitement making her cheeks pink.

"What is it?" she asked. "Do you want me to take some tickets——"

"Not exactly," said Harper bluntly. "It 's about an automobile accident."

"My husband?" Her hand flew up to her throat.

"No, no."

She sank back again, poised and posed.

"It 's an accident that happened about an hour ago," said Harper tonelessly, "to an old man crossing the street in the rain. He was on a pedestrian right-of-way, and a car came up at a fast rate of speed and hit him—dragged him nearly half a block. The car stopped, and the driver got out and pulled him off the bumper—left him there, and got away."

"Oh, how horrible!" said Mrs. Landon faintly. "I 'm so sorry. About an hour ago—this afternoon? Why, I must have been out then. Did you want me as a witness? But I didn't see any accident."

"The old man was bleeding quite a bit," went on Harper, in that toneless voice. "He was a jeweller named Jacquard. Jacquard and Son, downtown. The radio patrol cars got there a few minutes before the ambulance. He kept saying something like 'Blood—blood on the moon,' but that 's all. He didn't say anything else. I guess the blood coming down his face over his eyes confused him. He died in the emergency hospital."

"I 'm so sorry," said Mrs. Landon softly as a mourning dove. "But——"

"Somebody got a licence number," said Harper, "and said there was a woman driving. The number looked like yours. So we came here."

"Oh!" said young Mrs. Landon faintly. "Oh! But that 's—that 's ridiculous! I was out, of course; I 've told you that. But I really don't know

(*Concluded on page viii*)

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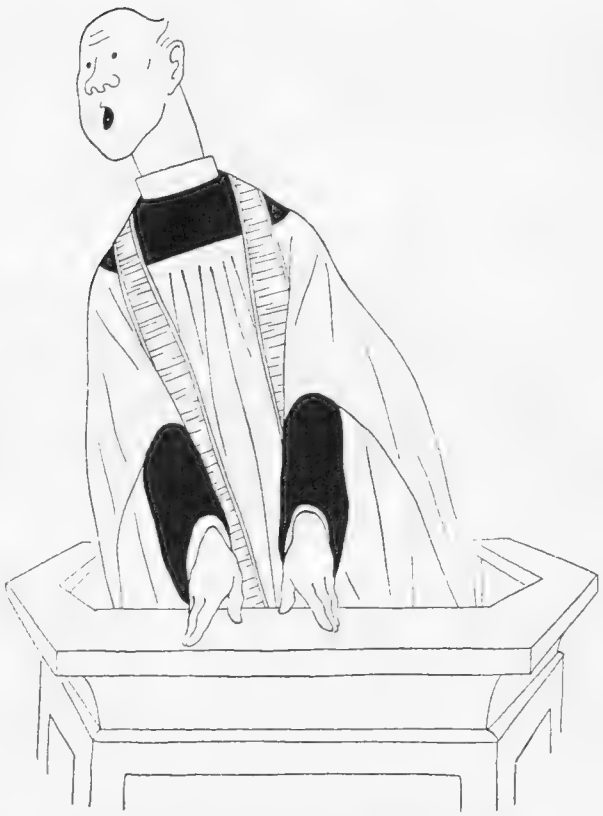
Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" If any of you who are gathered here to-day have heard this one, stop me— "

THE Nobel Peace Prize, just awarded to Lord Cecil of Chelwood, is not to be sneezed at. It comes this year to about £7900. Lord Cecil has doubtless earned it far more than any of the British literary boys whose names kept cropping up, particularly the one who looks like a rebellious doe, and the Nobel Peace Prize Committee of the Norwegian Storthing can twiddle their thumbs for once with a pleasant sense of having done the absolutely right thing.

We 've often had a curiosity to know who this Committee are, and what they look like. We 're apt to picture them as a group of mild, blue-eyed, rather smug Nordic gentlemen in gold-rimmed spectacles, dressed with exquisite prim neatness, sitting round a table and discussing the few good boys of Europe in quiet, well-modulated voices. A cross between a diocesan conference—except that no amusing stories are told—and a meeting of housemasters, in fact. We 've a strong feeling the Chairman has very well-starched linen, a trim, carefully-tended beard, a neat centre parting, large, sad eyes behind pince-nez, a gentle cough, poor circulation, a melancholy smile, goloshes, and a habit of tapping the table meditatively with large white fingers and sighing as candidate after candidate is turned down. In his spare time he is a philatelist, and he has a thin, pale, dreamy, spectacled daughter called Helga, who embroiders beautifully, is subject to earache, and in love with Sir Hugh Walpole. Her hair is sandy and she has pink rims round her very pale blue eyes. She longs to hear her Papa say one day with a faint smile: " Well, that Walpole guy you 're always beefing about looks like a cinch this time, if Stalin ducks it," but that happy day never comes. Suicide will probably be her way out, poor girl.

We could write a whole novel about these people, sad, mild, and Ibsenish to the last degree, *and* we will.

Vie de Cockaigne

ONCE every twenty years Mr. Albert Neil (" Bertie ") Lyons, author of *Arthur's* and *London Pride* and other notable diversions, puts out another book showing that he is still in close touch with metropolitan affairs, though he has lived knee-deep in the Sussex chalk for some time, his only companions being a large, bloodshot, hot-bodied, panting dog and a blue, sea-going jersey covering the ears. Mr. Lyons's tiny Southdown village was once full of gnarled rural characters exchanging wise-cracks racy of the soil, but the dog has eaten most of them, and Mr. Lyons is now practically the only gnarled, rural character left, as the Vicar often complains. During his brief periodical absences in Town, the countryside is full of rooks, a phenomenon often commented on in Nature journals, but with little effect. Garbed meanwhile in the plumage of a boulevardier (which entails climbing out of the blue jersey and putting on a collar, a long job) Mr. Lyons is tripping about Town and mingling in Society.

The gratifying thing is that although the Adelphi quarter is only a memory now, and the quaint, picturesque types who gathered nightly in its vanished village pub (corner of Adam Street and John Street, nearly opposite the Society of Arts) scattered to the winds, and although pub after London pub is being stripped of all decent human comfort and defiled with pale waxed-oak and rubber and chromium and glass and arty bleakness of every kind—the gratifying thing is that Mr. Lyons still knows in which bars to find those citizens of Cockaigne of both sexes, his favourite companions, who are so excessively diverting in their grotesquerie, and so richly alive. The new Lyons opus, *Tom, Dick, and Harriet*, offers a very choice selection. Since Dickens and W. W. Jacobs gave up there 's been nobody they care to mingle with, but Mr. Lyons. It 's a pity to think that he too will be gone soon, unless he eats his dog first.

" Owing to a vast increase in our business, we have been obliged to enlarge our premises "

Mess

MORE and more dazed, befuddled, and metagrabolised as the days go on, the British film industry seems to be in such a state now that it doesn't know whether it 's Thursday or Finland. Long, heavy letters discussing yet more amendments to the present protective, chaotic Films Bill have been appearing recently in *The Times*, signed by nearly all the big boys in British films. Each delicately forbore to mention one important factor of British unsuccess, and Auntie *Times*

herself had to call their attention to it, rather bluntly, in a leading article—*viz.*, that in the matter of the proof of the pudding, etc., etc., " British film-makers cannot even represent themselves as master-cooks. If they were, there would be no need for this Bill." In our opinion Auntie here rings the bell and gets a good cigar. One reason our films have no American market, for example, is just that they aren't very good, even when we pay top Hollywood prices for stars who drift over to this side on " holiday."

One thing out of fifty which tends to bemuse and obfuscate Wardour Street extremely is that although everything seems to be going down the drain, every Hollywood magnate bustling over here for a look-see begins by saying cheerily to the Press that there 's nothing much wrong with British films (except, he adds, in cynical privacy, the story, the script, the authors, the sets, the lighting, the actors, the director, and the camera-work). The Wardour Street boys, despite their poker faces and strong blue jaws, are simple, unspoiled souls and believe everything any Hollywood mogul says. Hence it worries them to find there are no American cheers for the Maxwell-Ostrer Reciprocity Amendment, whereby for every seven American films shown here two British ones must be shown in America, by law. The whole situation is like being constantly kicked in the pants in a fog on a Tuesday night in Manchester.

" Edison Bell R-r-record "

WHAT Gladstone said in 1889 the National Liberal Club heard at their Gladstone Memorial Dinner the other night, *viâ* an ancient cylindrical Edison Bell gramophone record. It wasn't very interesting, barring the boom of the fog-horn voice, a member tells us ; merely Mr. Gladstone thanking Mr. Edison in sonorous sing-song periods for affording him entertainment and instruction. For some days before the dinner a small but licentious caucus among N.L.C. members had been going round daring each other to substitute another record at the very last moment (these prehistoric Edison Bells all look the same), so that the serried rows of solemn Liberal pans composing themselves devoutly to receive a basinful of Gladstone might be suddenly electrified by Marie Lloyd, say, or Mr. Robey, bawling an unsuitable ditty. Nobody among the rebels had the nerve to do this, however, and the great goddess Dulness (see the *Dunciad*) held uninterrupted sway over her chosen as usual.

So little real zest for japing prevails in N.L.C. circles of late—the last recorded bit of fun in those Doultonised halls was the reddening of Pitt's nose with lipstick—that we thought it a waste of time to suggest beforehand to one of the rebels we know that the thing to do was to have a cylindrical record specially made, opening with the impressive Gladstonian boom and suddenly breaking into a wild screech and a comic song, a scrap of merry patter, or even a denunciation of certain Liberal M.P.'s by name, with brief sketches of their private lives. A master-*farceur* of the Maurice Cole type would have had this sort of record made at any cost. The N.L.C. boys seem to be losing their spirit.

Bear

LEAST exciting controversy of November has been the one over the Abominable Snowmen of Tibet, terror of the Himalayas, which a recent explorer declared to be merely bears, judging by the tracks. This maddened another expert because the wrong sort of bear (he averred) had been quoted. Then up rose a third authority implying that cads who can't speak Tibetan properly shouldn't discuss the matter at all, and quoting knobby Tibetan roots to show that " abominable " was all wrong and foolish anyway. Finally a fourth authority explained that the Abominable Snowmen are to the Tibetans what Father Christmas is to us, but more terrifying, after which the discussion petered out and everybody went to sleep again.

Here again we deplore the absence of the japers of old time. There was once a club of light-minded chaps who used to start or continue tremendous newspaper controversies with letters about imaginary immigrant birds, or insects which, *e.g.*, gnawed through the armour-plating of battleships. It was great fun and entailed a certain risk, since to get letters into the serious papers at once you had to write on Athenæum or Royal Society notepaper, which had to be filched. Many conscientious players would become curates and work up steadily to a bishopric in order to have all the Athenæum notepaper they wanted for this purpose. Where are they now ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" What will those inventor guys think up next? "

Mr. Campbell, Miss Legge, Mr. Skeffington

The trio on the left are the Hon. Jock Skeffington, Lord Massereene's heir, Miss Sylvia Legge and Mr. Bruce Campbell

On the right is the evening's hero, Mr. Dick Fairey, and with him are Miss Jeanne de Montagnac and Mr. A. E. Goldschmidt. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Fairey gave the ball for their son at the Dorchester

Miss de Montagnac, Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Fairey

Coming-of-Age

An Air-Minded Party for Mr. Dick Fairey

Miss Banbury and Mr. Gibson

Left: the Hon. Sally Banbury was in a white-frosted dress, and dancing with Mr. Peter Gibson

Right: the cheerful quartet is Miss Eleanor Watts, her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs.. Jock Hanbury, and the well-known Heston flight-instructor, Mr. Brian Davy

Below, left: three tough men in their own spheres were grouped together—Victor McLaglen, Steve Donoghue and Captain "Babe" Barnato

Below are Mrs. Henry Martineau, Miss Craven-Ellis, Lady Sheila Durlacher and Mr. Leslie Barling, senior instructor of the A.A.C.

Mr. McLaglen, Mr. Donoghue, Capt. Barnato

Mrs. Martineau, Miss Craven-Ellis, Lady Sheila Durlacher, Mr. Barling

Veterans of the Road

The London to Brighton Run

The Veteran Car Run to Brighton—rudely and quite incorrectly called the Old Crocks' Race—is an annual event organised by the R.A.C. and the Veteran Car Club to commemorate the Emancipation Day Run on November 14th, 1896, which itself celebrated the abolition of the 2 m.p.h. speed-limit and the man with the red flag. Veterans are cars built in 1904 or earlier, most of them in fine condition, many with original tyres and paint-work, and all with the stoutest of hearts. Only eight of the 103 starters failed to make Brighton this year. Many have had chequered careers: one was found in a hen-roost, another was in a heap of lime and rubbish, with chickens' skeletons and eggs in its under-tray, a third derelict in a field had a bantam's nest in the accumulator box and a sparrow's nest in the hood. A 1922 penny in the carburettor, six-foot thistles growing through the floor, even a tree growing through the floor, are other authentic facts of "veteran" history

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Waving good-bye through the morning fog: a 1902 White Steam Car sets off from the Serpentine, driven by F. Jarrett. It is American, did many hill-climbs in its day, was chauffeur-driven till 1908 when a steam tube "blew," the boiler having been left burning while a puncture was dealt with. It was discovered in a shed which had been built round it, "in excellent and original condition"

A "Veteran" Driver

Left: a 1901 Foster Steam Wagon steaming along through the frost. It uses a gallon of water and nine gallons of petrol per mile. Major G. W. G. Allen is the driver

Right: H. J. K. Jacques puts something warm inside him at the first stop. His 1902 Wolseley gives more shelter than most; it has a Berkeley wagonette body with alternative detachable bus top

This 1900 Benz, entered by Dr. G. A. Simmons and driven by Mr. Simmons, has nothing new about it except back tyres

Right: the 1896 Arnold Motor Carriage has bodywork of the "Dog Cart" type. It completed the London-Brighton Run on November 14th, 1896. Capt. E. de W. S. Colver entered and drove it this year

A Cold Drive in a "Dog Cart"

***The Ladies' Carlton** squash rackets team for the ladies' inter-club squash rackets challenge cup is Miss J. Myers, Miss Olga Klingenberg (captain), Mrs. F. C. Thompson and Mrs. I. W. Leach. The matches are played from October into December, each team meeting other competitors twice*

***Kensington County Club** are also entered for the inter-club squash cup; they are holders and very hot favourites. The team is Miss Enid Brett, Mrs. Ensor, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke (captain) and Mrs. Philcox*

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE time has come to consider Rugby football at some length, with the Varsity match only a week ahead and the first England trial due at Newcastle next Saturday.

The progress of team-building at Oxford and Cambridge this year has been somewhat bewildering; and certainly the prophet who hopes to tip the winner of the great game has no easy task. I suppose, putting all prejudice and bias on one side, the odds as I write are fairly heavily on Cambridge. But, even so, I have a lurking hope that the signs and portents may be wrong.

CAMBRIDGE, at the beginning of the season, seemed likely to be one of the greatest sides for years. They had a remarkable back division, with J. D. Low playing better than ever at scrum-half and B. Bruce-Lockhart making an ideal partner to him and bringing out the best in J. G. S. Forrest and W. F. Roden, two exceptionally dangerous centres.

Forrest appeared likely to become the most brilliant of attacking centre three-quarters, with the possible exception of Wilfred Wooller.

All that was needed was a pack which would dominate the scrummaging in tight and loose and give these backs their scoring opportunities. The Cambridge forwards, with W. B. Young in charge, should have been good enough, and I dare say that, on December 7, they will hold their own. Somehow, though, they disintegrated during the term and Cambridge fell from high promise to relatively mediocre performance.

What is more, their centres, Forrest in particular, developed a habit of holding on to the ball too long—a habit which was possibly due to over-confidence. Whatever the reason, the Cambridge attacking machinery failed to function smoothly and Oxford began to grow optimistic. I think it is fair to say that Oxford are still reasonably optimistic, for they no longer see Cambridge as an invincible team, and they have attacking possibilities of their own. Oxford supporters, indeed, felt that all would be well, until suddenly alarming gaps developed in the Oxford centre, where R. E. Luyt, a fine constructive player, was—temporarily, at least—inadequate in defence. Oxford, moreover, could not settle their problems at half-back, and they varied between the inexperienced but undoubtedly promising C. R. Bourne and the experienced but unacclimatised E. Tucker at stand-off half.

WHAT John Brett, their perplexed captain, has eventually decided I do not know. He made considerable changes for Stanley's match last week, and with Freakes at left centre, the Oxford defence does look more trustworthy. But it is rather late in the day to hope that Oxford can develop into much more than a team of opportunists in attack, based upon a solid forward foundation.

That they are capable of scoring brilliant tries, there is no doubt. Walford, in the centre, is a beautiful runner, always apt to produce the unexpected break, and Obolensky, outside him on the right wing, is playing

(Concluded on page vi)

Richard Luyt

This Rondebosch (South Africa) and Trinity Oxford Freshman is a son of R. F. Luyt, the old Springbok. His father came to England with the S. Africans in 1912

P. J. C. Batemain-Champain

Is a new Cambridge Blue who will lead the Light Blue pack against Oxford at Twickenham. He is a Cheltenham and Caius College man

E. A. Hamilton Hill

Hamilton Hill (Harlequins and the Navy) plays for England in the first trial at Newcastle-on-Tyne next Wednesday. He won his cap last year against New Zealand

Captain and Mrs. "Teddy" Brook

At the Belvoir Saturday meet at Plungar, Captain and Mrs. Brook were out on foot; the Duke of Gloucester, to whom Captain Brook is Extra Equerry, was hunting that day. Mrs. Brook is the younger daughter of Colonel John Gretton, of Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray

The Earl of Sefton

Lord Sefton has started hunting in Leicestershire again after a season's "holiday." He was out with the Cottesmore when they met at Oxey Farm, but they only had a short day, because of fog

Mr. and Lady Violet Vernon

On the same soaking foggy day when the Cottesmore met at Oxey, Mr. Mervyn Vernon and his wife were out. She is Lord and Lady Cromer's daughter

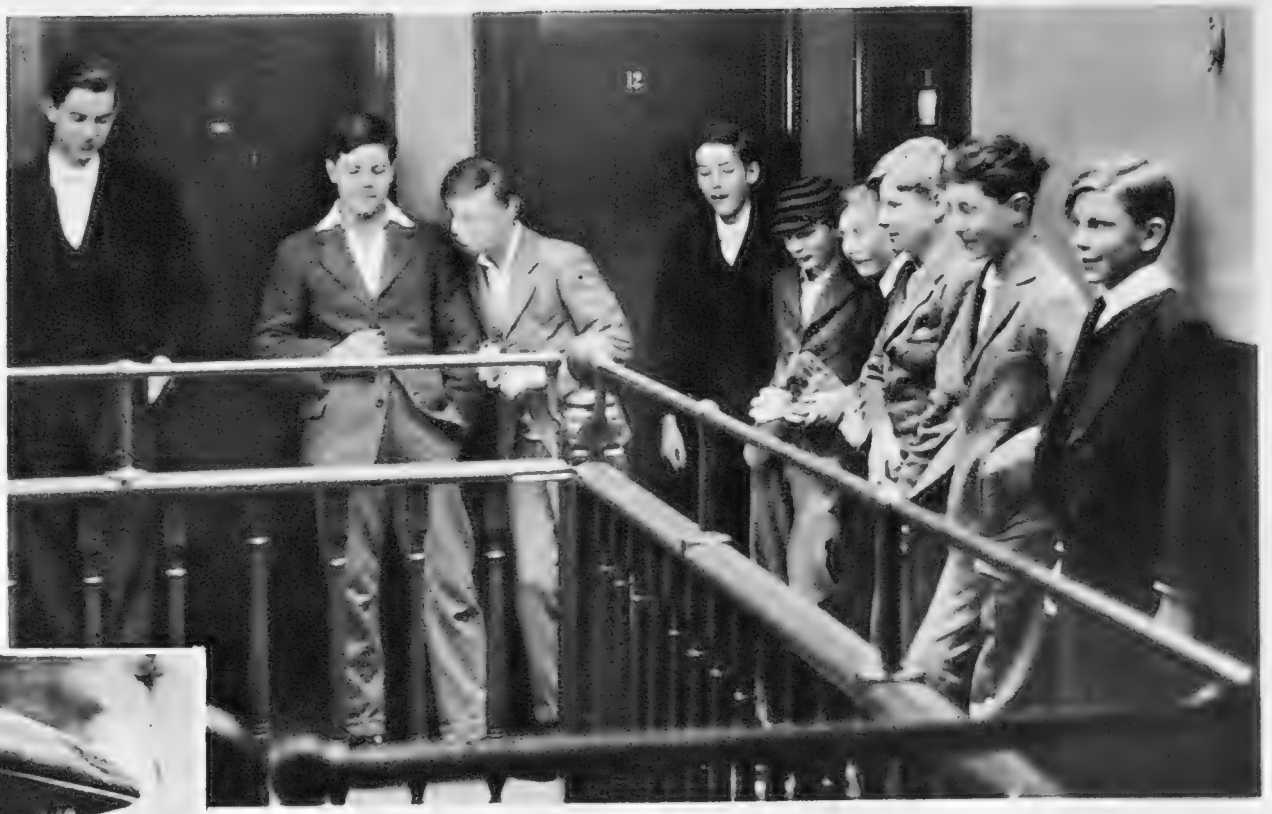
Wet Weather For Hunting

Below are more mackintoshes at Oxey, this time worn by the Hon. Mrs. Devereux, Lord Hereford's daughter-in-law, and Major-General John Vaughan

Capt. J. D. Player

The half-crown Captain Player was picking out of the mud wasn't his but the Belvoir's — part of the "cap" at their meet at Plungar

Left: Simon Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby's small son, had his aunt, Miss Rosamond Hornby, as stable boy when the Old Berkeley met at Pusey House, his parents' home in Berkshire



Right: "'Boy!' The boy on the left is in the Library and has called for a boy. The others are Lower Boys who have run to it; they are now looking at the last boy coming up the stairs. He will get the job, for being last; they are immune. Hence the smiles, and the look of extreme virtue on the face of the last but one"

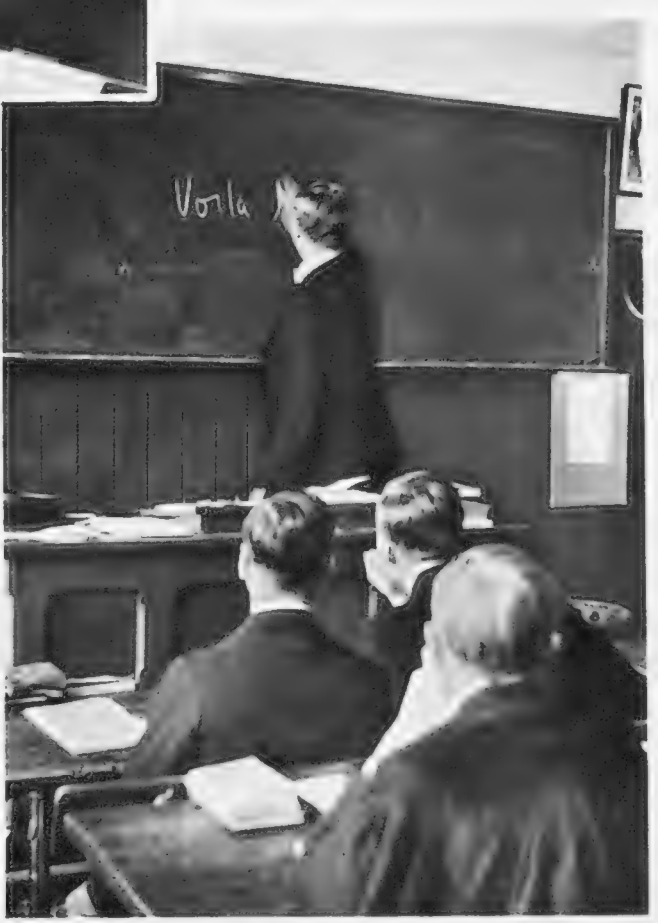
Sidelights on a School

Five of the Pictures in "Eton Portrait"

"Joby: 'Not till you've paid for that flake you 'ad on Thursday, you don't get no tick, Sir'"

"Books in Chapel"

That extraordinary institution, Eton, can seldom have been better "presented" than in Bernard Fergusson's book, *Eton Portrait*, from which these pictures and their captions are taken. He writes attractively of every aspect of the odd unschool-like life there, casual, tolerant, democratic within its own exclusive boundaries, tradition-ruled, its whole trend, he concludes, making for independence and self-confidence, though not for the popularity of Etonians with non-Etonians. The author, who left Eton himself nine years ago, has included a chapter on College by Philip Brownrigg, and illustrates his book with sixty-four photographs by Moholy-Nagy. The publishers are John Miles, the price fifteen shillings



Right: "The Biter Bit: This boy has been put down to write on the board and translate for the rest of the division: 'Voilà l'aigle assis sur une cime écharpée.' It is up to him to decide whether or not it means 'There is an eagle sitting on a fire-escape'"

"The Bill: Two hats left outside the door, one with books in it—the victim's—and the other without—the Praeposter's—alone hint at the drama within"

BY APPOINTMENT

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THE *Matured* GIN

A delightful presentation case of BOOTH'S GIN makes the most acceptable Christmas "box" you can give—or get. Nothing but the best is good enough at Christmas—so be *sure* it's BOOTH'S you give.

A CASE OF 3 BOTTLES OF BOOTH'S *Dry* GIN COSTS ONLY 36/- *(U.K. only)*...HE *will* BE PLEASED

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

An Interesting Competition

A FRIEND of mine in the North, who, by hard work and his great personality, raises annually a substantial sum of money for the assistance of the Cristie Cancer Hospital, this year augmented the funds of the Hospital by running a novel and most interesting golf competition. He has for some years now run annual golf competitions for the benefit of the Cristie Cancer Hospital, and this year, apparently, considered that some variety was desirable, with the result that he organised the competition concerning which I am about to give you particulars.

The competition was a private affair, and only my friend's personal acquaintances were invited to take part in it, on one of the championship courses. The competition was by medal play, under handicap over eighteen holes, and played in two divisions. One division included those with handicaps of 10 and under, and the other division those with handicaps of 11 and over. There was, however, what my friend referred to in his invitation as a very irregular condition. This condition was that players could purchase strokes at the price of £1 per stroke, and, while no one was permitted to buy more than five strokes, yet everyone was forced to buy at least one stroke. These purchased strokes were added to the player's handicap and deducted from his gross score. The organiser took control of all cards as the players came in, to assure that no gross scores would be announced. Consequently no one except the organiser could tell how many shots any particular player had bought, although naturally the competitors who played together would know what gross scores their opponents had returned.

Suppose the man you were playing with had a gross score of 72 and was declared the winner, you would be entirely in the dark as to whether he had won with a score of 71 or a score of 67.

I PARTICULARLY like the words with which the invitation ended: "I realise the handicap is somewhat unfair, but so is cancer." What was not quite clear from the invitation was when the players had to state how many strokes they were prepared to purchase. If it was after they had completed their rounds, obviously those who tore up or played badly would not find it to their advantage to purchase strokes. On the other hand, this arrangement would be certain to produce some very interesting situations.

Mr. John Morrison

The "Bystander" golf correspondent has always had plenty to say about mistaken choices in British Walker Cup teams; now he has been selected as a selector, on which we offer our hearty congratulations

Suppose A returned 71 and B returned 72, and that they played together. A would know that if he purchased the full allowance of strokes he was certain to beat B; but suppose B knew that A was a very careful man, who never spent a penny when a halfpenny would do, B might argue to himself that A would probably purchase three strokes, and think that he was quite certain to win with a score of 68, and also think that B would not buy the full allowance, knowing that A had returned a better score.

I VERY much doubt, however, if this and similar most interesting and intriguing situations actually did arise, as I feel sure that, in the good of the cause, the players had to make known to the organiser alone how many strokes they intended to purchase before the start of play. As the organiser said, the competition was novel, irregular, and unfair; but still, it must have been great fun, and I am glad to hear that all the players thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and that the Cristie Cancer Hospital benefited to a considerable extent.

Of course, to encourage players in a competition of this sort to buy strokes, the sweepstake, which the winner is to receive, must be fairly substantial, and certainly well in excess of £5. In spite of the competition being considered by the organiser unfair, it provided a large number of men with a most delightful day's golf, and served its main purpose admirably.

Competitions under these conditions could, with advantage, be repeated in other parts of the country by those who work so unselfishly to raise funds for various charities.

THE Golf Ball will take place this year in the Great Room at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Thursday, December 9th. The proceeds of the Ball will be given to the fund for extensions to St. Mary's Hospital. These extensions are urgently needed and are long overdue. Tickets (price one guinea each) can be obtained from Mrs. G. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, W.1, and from Miss Diana Fishwick, Ebro, Wentworth, Surrey; and also at St. Mary's Hospital, W.2.

Last year this Ball was held at the end of the abdication troubles. Let us hope this year that it will be one of those lighter and bigger balls about which we hear and read so much.

Although you may think Miss "X" in trousers looks frightful on the golf-course, you will find that at the Golf Ball, when toffed up and well painted, she looks really quite passable.

TO the regret of all the members and visitors to the Ifield Golf Club, Lieut.-Col. R. J. Colson is relinquishing his post of secretary, which he has fulfilled so admirably for the past seven years. His popularity was demonstrated by the presentation made by members ten days ago in the form of a cheque for £170, and by the presentations of a silver clock by the Ifield Artisans' Club and of silver mustard-pots by the Club staff.

Oxford Just Lost at Addington

Seven to six and five halved was the small extent of Addington's home win over the University. In this foursome—C. B. Walker (Oxford), Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, S. Pether (Oxford), and E. S. Nugent Head—the undergraduates won by a hole

Hazards G.S. at West Herts

R. G. Pickles and Dr. O. B. Deiter (Ashridge) were photographed at West Herts for the Hazards meeting. Dr. Deiter won the second division with 31½

Gifts that are sure of *appreciation*

THE PERFECT TRIO
Dry Gin, Orange Gin and Lemon Gin - - **36/-**
(U.K. only)
Single bottles **12/-** each, also in halves and miniatures.

SHAKER COCKTAILS
4-BOTTLE CASES £2.2.0
Piccadilly; Bronx; Gimlet; Dry Martini
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Other recipes include: Manhattan; Perfect; Fifty-Fifty; Martini. Single Shakers **10/6** (U.K. only). Also in halves and miniatures.

DRY GIN
Packed in special Xmas Gift Cases
3-bottle cases **36/-** 6-bottle cases **72/-**
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Gordon's Gin is also supplied in Single Bottles at **12/-** and in halves and miniatures.

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Stands Supreme

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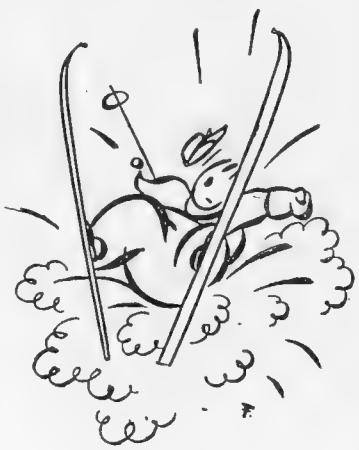
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Wisdom from the Past: By Alan Thomas

THE honours this week go to Joan Grant's *Winged Pharaoh* (Barker; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is one of the best semi-historical novels I have ever read. The story—told in the first person—is that of the Pharaoh Sekeeta, who, with her brother, Neyah, was co-ruler of Egypt during the First Dynasty. From her earliest years she was instructed in the art of government: first by her father, who, as Pharaoh, was a wise ruler and a just and merciful man, and who hoped that, if men were to remember him at all, they would think of him "not as a warrior or as a builder, but as a man who healed with herbs. For it is greater to make a blind man see the stars again than to build mightily in stone." Then come the days spent in the Temple, Sekeeta's initiation as a priest, and her "marriage" to Neyah—a symbolic union which did not prevent him from having several lesser wives, or Sekeeta from having a child by her own architect (though he at the time had no idea that she was Pharaoh). The incidents of her reign—an expedition, for instance, to the south-eastern boundaries of the country, a visit to Crete, the centre of Minoan civilisation, a great victory against Zuma, the land of the forerunners of the Babylonians, and many other such events—are described not only with an amazing wealth of detail, but with an actuality that clothes the civilisation of an ancient people with life and meaning for our world to-day. The story is beautifully and simply told: and is grounded in wisdom. It is one to which the reader may constantly return. Indeed, if I had to make a list of modern books that I thought would be of permanent value, *Winged Pharaoh* would figure very high.



"I'm Telling You—

—When and Where to Winter Sport" is the title of a booklet by Ian Fenwick. Its title speaks for itself. It is published by Cobden-Sanderson, and is full of ribald sketches like this

"HELEN'S TOWER" (Constable; 15*s.*) is the first of a series of volumes—to be produced under the general title "In Search of the Past"—in which Mr. Harold Nicolson is hoping to write his autobiography. His method is peculiar to him (he employed it when he wrote *Some People*): he tells his own story, though—modestly enough—he himself is not the central figure. In this book the chief character is his uncle, Lord Dufferin, who, in 1872, became Governor-General of Canada, afterwards British Ambassador in Russia, later Viceroy of India, and finally our Ambassador in Paris. It was at the Embassy in the latter city that Mr. Nicolson, then a small boy in charge of his governess, Miss Plimsoll, first became acquainted with his Excellency. The incidents that attended his stay in those majestic surroundings, are recorded with all the delightful urbanity and mannered wit familiar to readers of Mr. Nicolson's previous books. Yet though the volume is concerned with Lord Dufferin's career, it is not a history or life of Lord Dufferin. It is "a study in transition," a picture of the modes and manners of the time, and an account of the impact made upon them by the passage of years in general and the industrial revolution in particular. Lord Dufferin was not—as Miss Plimsoll claimed — "the greatest man in the world"; but he was a great diplomatist and man of unquestioned integrity and courage. (They were both qualities of which he was to stand in particular need during the final crisis of his life when, as Chairman of the London and Globe, he became associated with that gifted company promoter, Mr. Whitaker Wright.) Most of the book hovers on the border-line that divides personal from public history. It is concerned so far as it touches Lord Dufferin, with the changes in thought and social and political conditions during the last hundred years. So far as it touches Mr. Nicolson, it begins in 1892 and ends in 1902. A semi-autobiographical memoir—most agreeable.

This picture also speaks for itself. The background is in rich, deep blue, Clauschen is in scarlet, and the cracker was, on the original, cut out of the real thing. The inside of the number is as bright as the out, and it's now been on the bookstalls for a fortnight

ONCE upon a time, someone gave Mrs. J. B. Priestley a pair of Zeiss glasses. She happened at that period to be spending some weeks of enforced rest on a balcony overlooking a garden full of birds, and what better use could she have made of her new glasses than to watch birds through them? Anyway, this is what she did, and the more she watched, the more interested she became. She took to extensive reading about birds and to noting down short descriptions that seemed to her to be particularly vivid or amusing. Thus a scrap-book was born; and out of the scrap-book grew a genuine anthology of literature on birds. The title of it is *A Book of Birds*, by Mary Priestley, with eighty-two wood engravings by C. F. Tunnycliffe (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It contains over three hundred and fifty pages of extracts from literature, ancient and modern, on over a hundred and fifty different kinds of birds—from the auk to the umbrella bird. It is as charming a present for bird-lovers as you are likely to find. Incidentally, Mrs. Priestley has arranged for her share of royalties in respect of the English edition to be divided between the British Institute for Ornithology and the International Committee for Bird Preservation.

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN'S book of portrait drawings entitled *Contemporaries* (Faber and Faber; 12*s.* 6*d.*), contains twenty-four drawings of sitters whose work has stirred Sir William's admiration, and who range from Viscount Allenby to Cecil Day-Lewis, from Sir John Reith to Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and from Sir Austen Chamberlain to David Low. The drawings are accompanied by pen-portraits done by a number of distinguished writers—among them Hilaire Belloc (who pays a generous tribute to Mr. Low's work), Desmond MacCarthy on Kipling, G. M. Trevelyan on Professor Elie Halévy, H. A. L. Fisher on G. M. Trevelyan, Richard Church on Somerset Maugham, and L. A. G. Strong on William Butler Yeats. In a delightfully disarming preface, Sir William gives some account of his early attempts at portraiture and of the "unabating urge to draw," which led him, as he puts it, to "foist" this present series on the public.

"THE CAMFORD VISITATION," by H. G. Wells (Methuen; 2*s.*), is a short satirical piece on the subject of education. The visitant is a Voice that breathes o'er Camford at intervals asking awkward questions: and the upshot of the Voice's message is that there can be no escape for the world, "for all mankind, from the ages of tragic confusion ahead of you, except through so heroic an ordering of knowledge, so valiant a beating-out of opinions, such a refreshment of teaching and such an organisation of brains as will constitute a real and living world university, head, eyes and purpose of Man." Judging from the picture Mr. Wells draws of Camford, such an escape appears to be improbable.

"SCOTCH"

STANDS FOR

SPEYROYAL

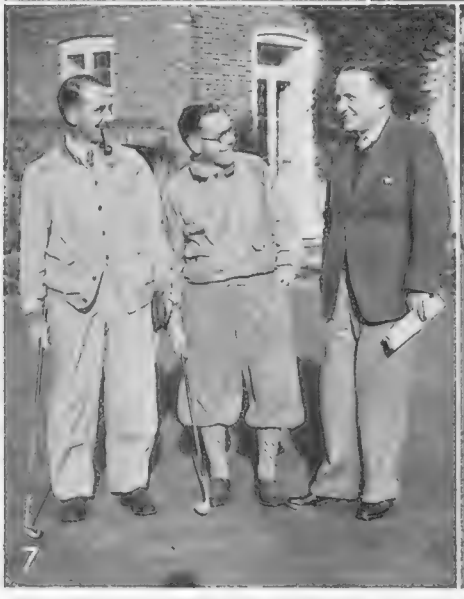
GILBEY'S

TEN-YEAR-OLD WHISKY

Golf Clubs at Home: Brookmans Park

This club lies just off the Great North Road, halfway between Potters Bar and Hatfield. The estate is a very old one, and it is one of the loveliest of Hertfordshire's park golf courses. It is 400 feet above sea-level, rich in natural beauty and with few but cunningly-placed bunkers. The total length is 6300 yards

A View from the 1st Tee



(1) C. W. Denham. (2) L. A. Anstiss (captain). (3) Arthur Pain (committee). (4) W. J. Richardson (professional). (5) Guy Grahame (vice-president). (6) A. H. Covington (committee). (7) J. H. James (vice-captain), R. N. James (committee), Major G. P. Burton (secretary). (8) C. D. Campion, Jack McLean, R. Hodson, L. J. Murphy. (9) A. G. Wheeler, E. H. S. Jones, Douglas Maynard

This England . . .

Glastonbury Tor

THE mystic Isle of Avalon—Guinevere and Lancelot, Arthur and Galahad—have we not all some tender memories of our first youthful meeting with them? The learned tell us of some antient confusion between Ynys yr Afalon, Glasberg and Glaestina-burgh and that Avalon is not here at all; that Abbot Henry de Blois was romancing when he declared the discovery of Arthur's tomb. Let them wrangle: we have the lovely legends and their sweet refinement in literature and song. Even in mundane things the English do this refining mighty well—given time. There is small doubt at least that the ale in Abbot Henry's monastery was poor stuff compared with Worthington, which, down the centuries, has been refined for our delight.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Spoons for Overseas, Charitable Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

NOVEMBER, no doubt, seems early to talk about something that will only come into force "as from January 1st, 1938," if you like to have it expressed in my best commercialese. But then this is an Overseas matter, so we must allow a little extra time for news to circulate.

In theory, as you know, BYSTANDER monthly spoons have always been open to members of affiliated clubs in the Dominions just as much as to those in Great Britain and Ireland. In practice, though the clubs of India managed to get cards to us in time, it was impossible for cards, coupons, and closing date to combine for players in Australia and New Zealand. Even South Africa could hardly get a score to us in eligible time. That was hard lines: Coronation Year, with its intensely imperial feeling and so many visitors over here from the Dominions, made it seem imperative that conditions should be fair for everybody, however far away their club. So the spoon conditions have been altered. Players in Great Britain and Ireland must still get their card to this office, with a coupon of the current month, by the first of the month following that in which the card is taken out, but players at Overseas clubs have only to post off their card within one week of taking it out, with a coupon of the month then current in their country, and whenever it arrives here it will be put into the competition of the month. If no Overseas card comes into the usual list of winners, then one spoon each month will be given to the best Overseas card.

The full conditions will be sent to anybody on application; they were posted last week to each individually affiliated club, and in parcels to the Hon. Secretaries of the fifteen Ladies' Golf Unions of the Dominions, on whose mercy we have had to throw ourselves for distribution, since no list of their correct addresses exists in this country.

So now—or, rather from January 1st—we shall see what we shall see—let 's hope vast numbers of cards from Overseas.

GOLFERS are always held to be charitable folk, and when charity comes to them in such delightful guise as the Golf Ball, who would not cultivate the virtue? It is even possible that quite a few will go to Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 9th, enjoy themselves to the full, dance a lot, play in a great many side-shows, perhaps even win some entrancing prizes, without realising that all this is done to benefit St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, which is urgently in need of funds for their scheme of long-overdue extension. That only shows that nobody is pestered to give or to spend, though the truth is that all the side-shows are such splendid fun that everybody goes in for them for sheer amusement's sake. In all the past six years there have been long queues for the driving, for instance, and no doubt there will be again. It is worth watching, let alone doing. All sorts of famous folk are on the list of patrons, including Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory; there will be Worplesdon partnerships there in plenty; Mr. George Hannay is the Chairman; in short, the only other thing to be said is that it would be wise to take tickets (they are cheap at a guinea) quickly from Mrs. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, Miss Diana Fishwick, or Mrs. Lytton-Toye, and then to book a table with the Banqueting Manager, Grosvenor House.

A Good Enough Miss for a Kiss

John Montague, mystery golf-man of Hollywood, missed holing a drive by two inches and was so delighted with his shot that he gave his partner, Mrs. Sylvia Annenburg, a smacking kiss. They were playing an exhibition match against Babe Ruth and Babe Didrikson

ANOTHER, this time a new, charitable enterprise of the golfing community is the Wakefield Golf Trophy, which Lord Wakefield is giving for annual competition amongst the women golfers of Great Britain who have L.G.U. handicaps of not less than 10 nor more than 30. The competition, which deserves support from every club in the kingdom, is organised by the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association of the Royal Free Hospital, and will be given to the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic, Islington.

The first point of the story is that players can take out their cards on the course of any Club affiliated to the L.G.U. in England, Wales or Scotland between April 1st and June 10th. They may be cards taken out for club competitions, or specially for the purpose of this competition; the only thing is that they must be the first round of the day, and that the card itself, price 1s., must be paid for in advance to the steward of the club. That, of course, is where the charity to the Clinic comes in. Thereafter comes in the fun for the players, for the two players at each club who return the best net scores are entitled to compete in an eighteen-hole medal-play district final, on a date to be announced between June 24th and July 8th, and the winners of the district finals will be eligible to compete in the thirty-six-hole medal-play final, which is to take place at the Berkshire Club on July 21st. That is the day after the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* ladies' finals, of which more next week.

If any club wants full particulars of the Wakefield Trophy they have only to write to the organising secretary, Mrs. de l'Hôpital, 40a, King's Road, Sloane Square, S.W.3. That this noble volunteer really has the good of the cause at heart may be judged by the fact that she prints her telephone number on all notices, Kensington 8724. Only somebody who is not afraid of work does that.—Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

A Foursome in California

Count André de Limur, Mrs. Eric Tyrell-Martin, Capt. Charles Hotham and Lt.-Com. P. H. Mathewson played their foursome at Del Monte, California. The two English naval officers were on their way home on leave from China, after serving in the Nanking war-zone

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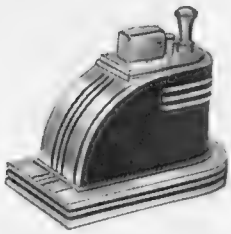
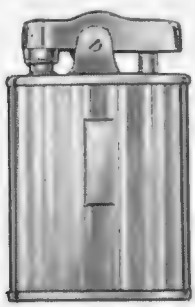


TOUCHTIP No. 2110.

Stream-lined table lighter (Touch-tip—and it's lit!) finished in black, white or tortoise enamel with chromium-plated rims - - - - - 32/6



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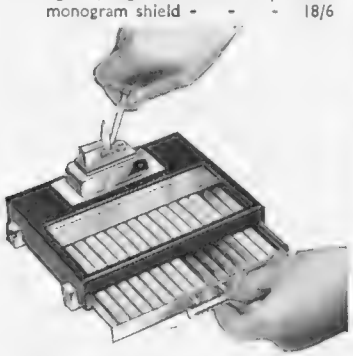
Beautifully finished man's pocket lighter, engine-turned with polished monogram shield - - - 18/6



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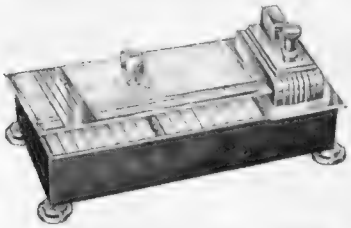

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A really beautiful present. Combined cigarette case and lighter, engine-turned and richly enamelled in black or tortoise. - - - - - - 84/-

TEN-A-CASE No. 2283
Combined cigarette case and lighter, richly enamelled in white, tortoise or black, with monogram shield. 45/-

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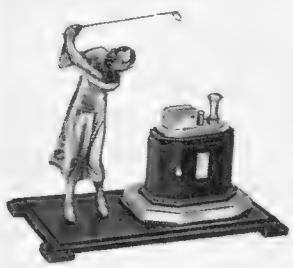
A small pocket lighter, chromium-plated with smooth satin finish. 13/6



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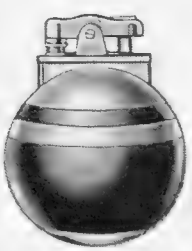

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The "Albatross" from a new angle

Imperial Airways has five of the "Albatross" type on order from Hatfield. They are to be used on the European services, especially London-Paris. Geoffrey de Havilland, Jnr., seated in cockpit above, is now chief test pilot for his company. Brothers John and Peter are also in the firm

Air Travel Saves Time

By Charles Ward

On the Up and Up

CROYDON has been breaking records—nearly 65,000 passengers have passed through the turnstile during the first six months of this year. The railways meet this competition by investing money in air transport—also by cheapening and making the rail and sea routes more attractive to the average traveller. By contrast with 23,385 people carried by Imperial Airways to Paris or back, the home air-lines, operated mostly by the railway companies, carried no more than 1815 passengers. On that side of flying that trains the staff, A.S.T. at Hamble holds its own as the leading school. Pupils arrive from all parts of the world to qualify for its certificates. New hangars, more tarmac, a modern three-storey club-house with billiards, bar, card-room, lounges, ladies' room, games, etc., have been added to the amenities. The R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve has its own quarters. The lecture hall has a film-screen and cinema seating accommodation. Forty aircraft are included in the fleet, which is the most comprehensive of any in the country, not excluding the Service.

Paris to Santiago

THE name Santiago always conveys to me that of a place infinitely remote, though, in point of distance, it is little further from us than the Cape, reached the other day in a British machine during 45 hours elapsed time. Santiago is the terminal on the Pacific coast of South America for the French air mail, and by way of showing that they are alive to the need for speedier deliveries, a special flight was made last week from Paris to the Chilean capital—7500 miles in two days, ten hours. Any comparison between the trip made by M. Codos, the Air France pilot, and that by Flying Officer Clouston to South Africa, must take into account two facts. The "Comet" is a racing machine, carrying no useful load in the form of mails, whereas the French 'plane was a four-engined liner, the pilot being supported also by an experienced crew. Codos is an old hand at the record-breaking game. He flew from New York to Syria non-stop in 1933, with M. Rossi, and has made many notable journeys by air during the past 20 years. The flight to South America includes two hazards not encountered on comparable trips—the crossing of 2000 miles of ocean, followed by a climb over the Andes on the last stage. This latter was flown at a height of more than 21,000 feet with the peak of Aconcagua, more than 23,000 feet in height, rising above the 'plane. Tropical rain and snow-storms added to the difficulties encountered.

State Aid for Airports

BY a majority of three votes, Portsmouth has declined to construct an airport for the Empire mail services. Those against claim that the State should foot the bill entirely, leaving the city to reap the benefit. It seems a short-sighted policy and one which will re-act unfavourably towards Portsmouth. If the Air Ministry is forced to pay for the complete scheme, the profits will go to the Exchequer. The neighbouring city of Southampton will, no doubt, take advantage of the dissension in the ranks of its rival and make things easy for Imperial Airways. To the passenger it matters little from which airport he departs for India, Kenya, or Australia. He is concerned only with the saving in time and, therefore, money which is offered by a journey through the air. But to the same man as a taxpayer or ratepayer, an investor or a man engaged in foreign trade, it is something of considerable importance. We need to take a long view and a broad view of the future of air transport. It will replace every other form of transport for mails and for people prepared to pay for speed. It will make profits without subsidy, and the advantage to a centre from which world trade is radiating can be calculated in pounds, shillings and pence. Portsmouth has had its opportunity. Some other city will seize it. London, the capital city of the Empire and the centre of the world in many branches of commerce, has taken exactly the same stand as Portsmouth. There is to be no Municipal Airport. The State must provide its facilities because the cost is prohibitive. Green belts are for the multitude, but airports for the few. The former bring health and the latter wealth, but the councillors are afraid that part of the wealth will pass into private hands. This is too bad. People with savings, may reap a reward for their thrift and foresight!

What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself — Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

ALL the world loves a good loser. The discriminating ones love even more a good winner. When you find that rare creature, a combination of the two, it is little wonder that he commands admiration and respect everywhere.

Such a man is Captain George E. T. Eyston, M.C., and that is why his successful attack on the world's land-speed record, after a series of cruel disappointments, has occasioned such intense delight to his many friends. Eyston has put everything he knows into his all-British car "Thunderbolt," with its two twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce engines, which develop nearly 6000 h.p.—enough power per minute to take an ordinary 10-h.p. saloon car from London to Coventry and back at 30 m.p.h.

MANY ingenious features of an entirely new character are incorporated in the car. Six wheels are embodied, the rearmost two being fitted with twin tyres; while steering on the front four wheels, and the problem of suitable suspension methods for this six-ton monster car were items in which Eyston enjoyed the co-operation of the Wolseley Company.

The actual steering-gear and special gear-box control were of Burman-Douglas design. The braking system, of friction-plate type, which he evolved in conjunction with the experts in the Lockheed and the Ferodo works, functioned so efficiently that Eyston found it unnecessary to use the wind-flaps which had been fitted to "Thunderbolt" aft of the cockpit. These flaps are operated under pressure, a tremendously strong panel gradually folding forward on either side of the rear part of the body.

It was a considerable relief to Eyston's friends when, yielding to their advice, he decided to dispense with the use of these wind-brakes, for they constituted the one feature of the car which occasioned misgivings to those of us who were particularly concerned for his safety. At best, we felt, these wind-brakes would cause a sudden erratic action of the car which would greatly increase the dangers of the run, while at worst, it was quite possible that they might tear the car in two.

A 1901 Charette starting off for the Serpentine after passing the scrutineers at the R.A.C. engineers' section in Pimlico before the Veteran Car run to Brighton. The driver was J. Rouse; his companion brought a large umbrella in lieu of hood

The ease with which Eyston pulled up the car at the end of each run, without resorting to this revolutionary device, is a considerable triumph for the orthodox braking system, for when you get a mass of six tons hurtling along at 457 feet per second, the task of slowing smoothly may be imagined, for the car's impetus at the finishing line would be sufficient to propel it more than 3000 feet up a vertical wall!

THOSE of us whose cars would take us from London to Manchester on eight gallons of petrol, are suitably impressed to learn that "Thunderbolt" consumed this quantity of B.P. Ethyl and 240 gallons of air in less than a minute, Lodge sparking-plugs being used to fire the mixture; while the problem of lubricating all the rapidly moving mechanical parts fell to the lot of the Wakefield Company, whose standard grade of Patent Castrol was used, the oil-pump on each engine circulating the oil at the rate of more than a pint a second—and very necessary, too, when you consider that the twenty-four pistons made over 2300 strokes per second at 310 m.p.h. This means that a film of Castrol had to

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place — although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

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The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.

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Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page ii)

be maintained over a cylinder-wall area of 17 million square inches per minute—or two and a half acres!

The Dunlop tyres revolved 2520 times per minute, and so tremendous was the pounding this six tons of pulsing energy gave them, that centrifugal force made them expand until their diameter increased, when the car was "flat out," by no less than one and a quarter inches.

VISIBILITY was poor at the time of the run, there being much low cloud, while such was the wind-pressure in the cockpit that Eyston had to hold his goggles in position and drive through the measured mile with only one hand on the steering-wheel.

This may be a tribute to the skill and intrepidity of the driver, but how much greater tribute is it to the docility of the car.

ALREADY Eyston is talking of returning to the Bonneville Salt Flats next year to better his recent performance.

On this ocasion, Mrs. Eyston and their two daughters crossed to America with him, to watch him make his attempt, but the delays which ensued, due to bad weather and repeated clutch trouble, made it necessary for them to come back before he went out on his finally triumphant run, as his daughters had to return to school.

Eyston is forty years of age, and has been racing and breaking records since 1922. He has broken a vastly greater number of records than any one man has ever done before in any sphere of activity, sprint records and long-distance records having fallen to him with almost monotonous regularity every few months during the past five years.

He was the first driver to cover 100 miles in one hour at the wheel of a "baby" car; and he has also broken many records with a car fitted with a Diesel engine similar to those installed in London omnibuses.

And now, after many heart-breaking disappointments and vicissitudes, he has won the most coveted of all honours in the realm of speed—the title of the Fastest Man on Earth. All honour to him for his splendid pluck and determination.

THAT he created a wonderful impression on the Americans with whom he came into contact is evidenced by the tribute paid to him by Mr. A. C. Pillsbury, the American Automobile Association official in charge of the arrangements, who said of Eyston: "Never has any of us encountered a man who has been a finer sportsman in face of so many difficulties." From what I know of Eyston, this tribute will mean to him at least as much as the breaking of the world's land-speed record. . . .

His own reactions to the run are summarised in his statement, made to a reporter shortly after: "I only drove the car, which isn't too difficult. The heroes of the whole job are the nine mechanics who have been working day and night to get the car going. These boys worked like Trojans, and the success is due to them."

A 1902 Panhard-Levassor took Cockshot Hill, Reigate, all out on its way to Brighton. It was entered by J. A. Turner, who has driven it since 1905, and driven for the Run by G. E. Turner

THE RECORD SPEEDS

THE FLYING MILE. Northwards run: 305·34 m.p.h. Time: 11·79 secs. Southwards run: 317·74 m.p.h. Time: 11·33 secs. Mean speed: 311·42 m.p.h.

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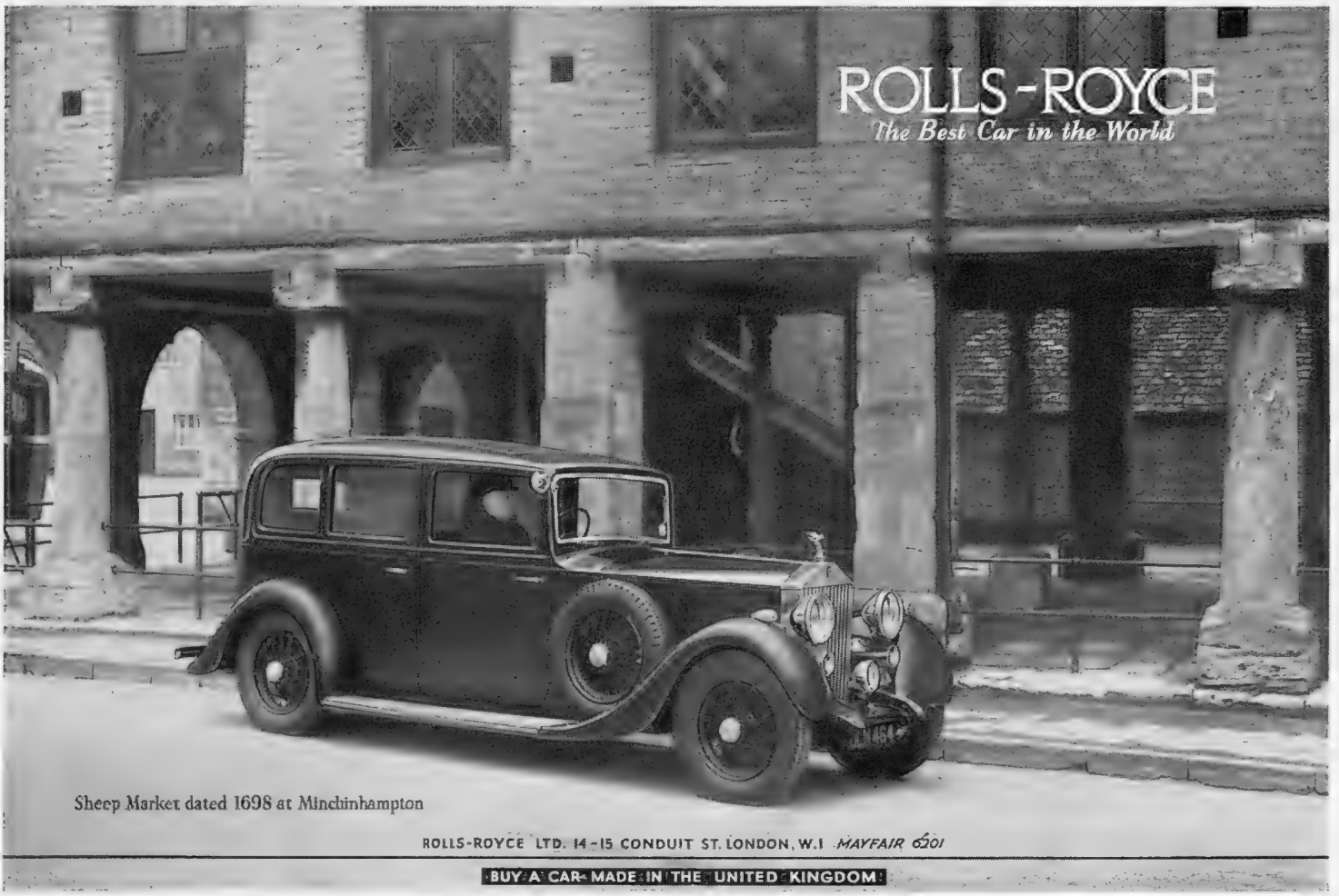

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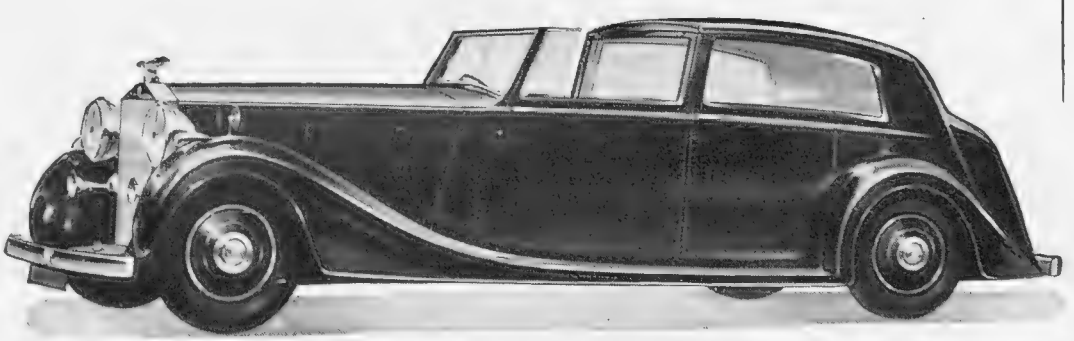

A Barclay-designed Limousine de Ville executed by H. J. Mulliner on a 12-cylinder Phantom III Rolls-Royce chassis.

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Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 336)

as well as he did when he so startled the New Zealanders. Obolensky, in fact, is the supreme match-winner, if only Oxford can play up to him—and there is the rub.

It may be that the link between scrummage and wing will prove effective; but until we see it in action we cannot be certain. Meanwhile, Oxford supporters have horrible visions of those Cambridge mid-field thrusters ripping a disorganised defence to pieces.

The Oxford forwards, however, may alter things considerably. Brett, who leads them, is a believer in sound scrummaging, and he has built up his pack on the principles of solidity and cohesion.

If only we felt that these Oxford scrummagers could dominate the game, those of us who hold the true faith would go happily to Twickenham. As it is, we shall watch the game a little anxiously, feeling that the balance of probability lies with Cambridge.

Now to the wider issue, though I will not concede that international football holds the possibility of more excitement in store. Too often, in fact, it is a dreary business and the long preliminaries of team-building are apt to be tiresome and uninstructive.

This year the English selectors are working along conservative lines, for which they have been amiably taken to task. I think myself that their methods are sound, for, if safety is dull, it is liable to pay in the long run.

They are concentrating upon bringing together the probable English side at the earliest possible moment, in order to give the players a chance of knowing one another and settling down as a team in the fullest sense of the word.

I like the look of the English probables who will do duty at Newcastle. The forwards in particular strike me as a powerful and well-balanced lot; and it would be an excellent thing if the selectors could make up their minds to stick to this pack, barring accidents, for the rest of the season.

This may seem far too conservative and also rather hard on other aspirants to international caps. But I believe that the eight men picked to scrummage for England in the first trial are as useful a combination as any other that could be found. It might be possible, I dare say, to choose another pack equally effective. But in the meanwhile it is vitally important to get eight England forwards together and keep them together as long as possible, so that they may acquire the true brick-wall quality and scrummage as a unit.

If the England pack can be retained for the three trial matches, it will start with a big advantage in the first international match against Wales.

Lt. Douglas Burnett

Won the Army Squash Championship this year for the second time—he was champion in '35. He got a lawn tennis as well as a squash Blue at Cambridge and will lead the Army in the Services' Squash Championship

As for the backs, there are bound to be changes here. F. J. Reynolds, for example, must be considered for the stand-off half position when he returns from Malta in December; and Obolensky is virtually certain of a place on the right wing if he continues to play so brilliantly.

Until then, the choice of W. S. Kemble to partner J. L. Giles at half-back is most interesting and may well provide us with a new England partnership.

I fancy that B. E. Nicholson, of the Harlequins, will be tried in the centre in due course. And F. M. McRae, whose name suggests that he should be anywhere but in an English trial, is a player of the greatest possibilities.

Whether R. A. Gerrard will remain at full-back is also an open question. He is in great form this year and still young enough to play many times for England. His most serious rival, I imagine, will be H. D. Freakes, of Oxford, whose claims are strong.

Wing three-quarters seem to be moderately plentiful, and R. B. Horsley, with his remarkable stop-and-go methods, is just the right kind of substitute for H. S. Sever, who is such a great loss to the English attack.

Altogether, England's prospects are rather rosy; and if I have written about no other sport this week it is because I find it very pleasant to be cheerful.

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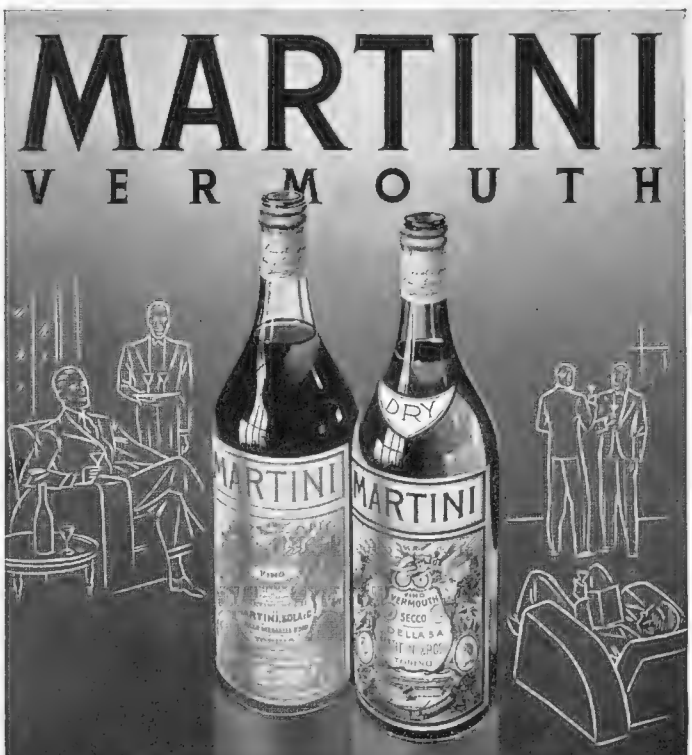

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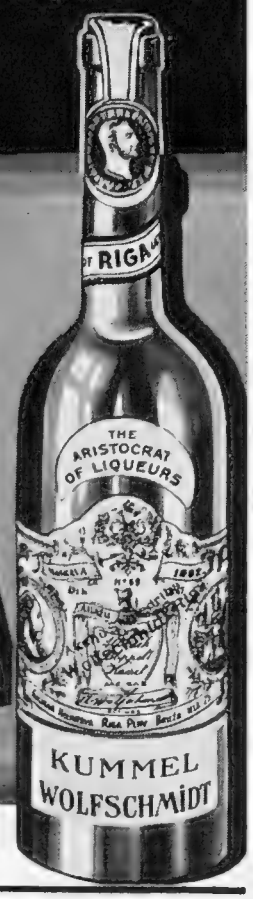

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Chaucer at Edward III's Court *by F. M. Brown.*

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This Christmas, give — or pray to be given!—"Préface," Pinaud's newest . . . subtlest . . . most exciting perfume.

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Blood on the Moon

(Continued from page 329)

a thing about an accident. I 'm terribly sorry, of course—but anyone might make mistakes in a licence number in the rain and mud."

"Yes," said Harper, "but we looked at your car. The right fender 's got a dent in it."

"Of course it has!" said Mrs. Landon. "I bumped it getting into the garage to-day. I 've done that before. You can see the new scratch on the edge of the garage door. It 's some sort of pinewood, I think, and there 's a long yellow gash I made in it. I 'm terribly clumsy with it."

"Yes," said Harper. "We saw the new scratch. It fits your fender height all right. I guess you made it coming in."

"If that 's *all*—" said Mrs. Landon, faintly indignant and urgent. "If my husband should hear of this——"

If Robert should hear, she thought desperately, she wouldn't get that mink coat. There was a pictured model of it in the glossy fashion magazine by her hand, on the silken davenport. Robert wouldn't approve of policemen coming here.

"I suppose," she suggested, getting up with a pleasant but decisive hint to them, "I suppose this witness you speak of couldn't identify the woman driver?"

Harper shook his head. "Too rainy, and bad light."

"Then they couldn't even be sure of the car number, either?" she said "I 'm terribly sorry. I do hope you 'll find them. To leave an old man hurt——"

The dark young man made an odd sound.

Mrs. Landon looked up at him. She supposed he was police, too, but he didn't look—and so sort of wild—like a wild young animal trapped in her silken, civilised room—hurt and——

"I do hope you 'll find the person who did it," she said to him. "You knew Mr. Jacquard?"

"Yes. He was my father," said the young man brutally blunt.

Mrs. Landon gave a shocked little sound. She put out her hand impulsively to him as they were leaving. Her ring shone like blurred tears in the silken-shaded light.

"This is a very pretty ring," said young Jacquard softly.

She felt his strong, slim fingers closing on her soft hand. He drew the hand closer to see the ring, to peer at the intricate silver setting.

"Yes," she said. "You 're a jeweller?"

"Like my father," he replied. "Yes. This is a very pretty ring. It is a moonstone."

And quite suddenly his voice had closed about her like a quiet, strong trap, as his hand was on her feebly struggling fingers.

"My father died in daylight," he said, "in the rainy afternoon. There was no moon in the sky, hardly any light there, yet he said 'Blood—blood on the moon.' He was a jeweller. The last thing his eyes saw before them, dying and blinded by the blood, was a moonstone ring on the hand of the person dragging him from the car. The rain washed the blood from your bumper, the garage door made a gash for your fender, but there is blood caught in the setting of your moonstone ring still."

And then he said quiet words that seemed to echo into a great shout from courtroom, jury and judge, newspapers, people in the street talking.

"It is my father's blood," said young Jacquard.

She remembered, with a dart of terror like death, that she had automatically slipped the moonstone ring from her finger before she began washing the blood from her hand, an hour ago. There was Jacquard's blood on the moon on her hand.

Harper held out his hand for the ring.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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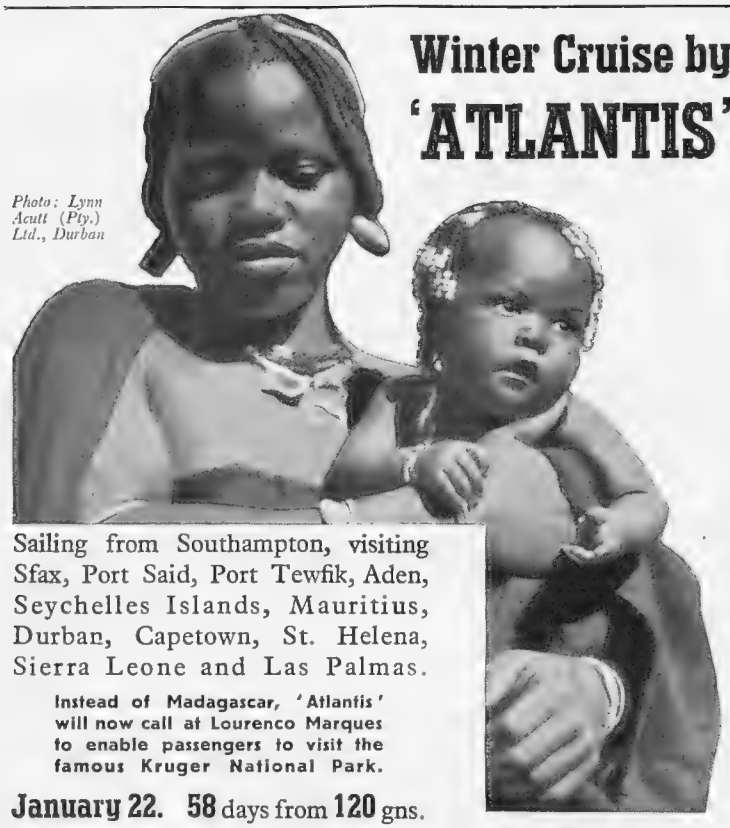

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 1—December 7

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CYMBELINE.—Shaw has adapted Shakespeare's play: Embassy, 8.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HABIMA PLAYERS.—This celebrated company from Tel-Aviv gives a repertory season in Yiddish: Savoy, 8.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S A WISE CHILD.—Joan Marion leads the cast at a rapid pace through this rattling and mildly risqué farce: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7.

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third concurrent play is not as good as the others but holds interest in a group of people in a burnt-out liner: Apollo, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Gielgud repertory season's second production: Queen's, 8.30.

THE SILENT KNIGHT.—Humbert Wolfe's play in witty verse is beautifully decorated and dressed, elegantly acted by Diana Wynyard, Ralph Richardson, Margaretta Scott: St. James's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—Edmund Gwenn plays the diarist from the Admiralty, Barry Barnes Charles II., in W. Lipscomb's play: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening; Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 98.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

"Park Avenue to Park Lane"

That is the title of the Christmas cabaret at Grosvenor House, and this migrant is Elsie Ames, of Ames and Arno, knockabout dancers from Broadway

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Diseuse

RUTH DRAPER.—Original character sketches: Vaudeville, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

CINEMAS

ANGEL (American).—Lubitsch directed this kindly and enlightened triangle between Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas: Plaza.

DEAD END (American).—Slum-dwellers and socialites make contact in this interesting film, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart: Gaumont.

EVER SINCE EVE (American).—Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery in this: Regal.

52ND STREET (American).—A musical with Ian Hunter Pat Paterson, Zasu Pitts: London Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film: Berkeley.

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD (American).—Robert Young James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore in this: Empire.

NON-STOP NEW YORK (British).—Detectives, murderers, blackmailers mix in a trans-Atlantic flying boat—Anna Lee, John Loder, Frank Cellier: New Gallery

THE SKY 'S THE LIMIT (British).—Jack Buchanan has a new lead in Mara Loseff, and musical support from Rawicz and Landauer in his own gay production: Leicester Square.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in a gripping personal tale which goes behind Hollywood's scenes: Marble Arch Pavilion.

STAND IN (American).—Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell, Humphrey Bogart in a satire on Hollywood high finance: Tivoli.

UNDERWORLD (French).—Jean (*Pépé le Moko*) Gabin plays the lead with Suzy Prim opposite; Renoir directed this prize film from Maxim Gorki: Curzon.

THE VOGUES OF 1938 (American).—Walter Wanger's technicolour is a specialised appeal; Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter head the cast: Odeon.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it: Academy.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 1st, 8.

AÏDA.—Thurs., 2nd, 7.45.

IL TABARRO and I PAGLIACCI.—Fri., 3rd, 8.

LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Sat., 4th, 2.30.

FAUST, with full ballet.—Sat., 4th, 8.

THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, LORD OF BURLEIGH, JOB.—Tues., 7th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

YVETTE GUILBERT and BEATRICE HARRISON.—Wigmore Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.45.

SZIGETI.—Palladium, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

GIGLI.—Albert Hall, Sun., 5th, 3.

Concerts

B.B.C.—Boult conducts, with the B.B.C. Choral Society and Dennis Noble, in an all-English programme, including a first performance of a new William Walton conducted by composer: Queen's Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.15

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in a Sibelius programme; 4th, 6th and 7th symphonies, "Karelia" Suite: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 2nd, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Erich Kleiber conducts, Hindemith is soloist in his own viola concerto; also Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, Smetana's "Groves of Bohemia" Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 6th and 7th.

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A Merrie Christmas . . .

says Elizabeth

Just over three weeks remain in which to complete a long list of presents, while notices on every side urge shoppers to post early. The new Hostess Shop on the lower ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, is a happy hunting ground for many people, as it is devoted exclusively to china and glass. The charming sherry set below is an artistic example of a practical present. It is made in frosted glass with a gold ship on the decanter. An equally attractive cocktail set for 29s. 6d. is seen on the right in clear glass with gold and white rings. The lines of the shaker are unusual and very modern, while the glasses are not easily overbalanced. A handsome cut crystal candlestick with two branches completes the group, together with a mirror glass cigarette box lined with cedarwood. This is made in several sizes and colours from 21s. 9d.

Wanted For Christmas

A silver and enamel dressing-table set is something which every woman covets, and this one from Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street and Queen Victoria Street, is unusually handsome. It is obtainable in several colours, including primrose and green, while the silver-mounted mirror is sold separately

—one of Revillon's exquisite perfumes which may be seen at 180, Regent Street, and elsewhere. The group on the right includes a presentation set of three favourite fragrances, namely, "Amou Daria," "Egoiste," and "Latitude 50," together with a bottle of "Amou Daria" toilet water

Give your complexion a treat by using Tangee preparations, and do the same for your friends. A delightful make-up set of powder, rouge, and lipstick is shown on the left, together with jars of Tangee Day and Night Creams

A box of Bronnley soap is always acceptable, and the group on the left offers a wide choice. The large box on the far side containing five tablets of Turtle Oil soap and two scented with pine only costs four and sixpence

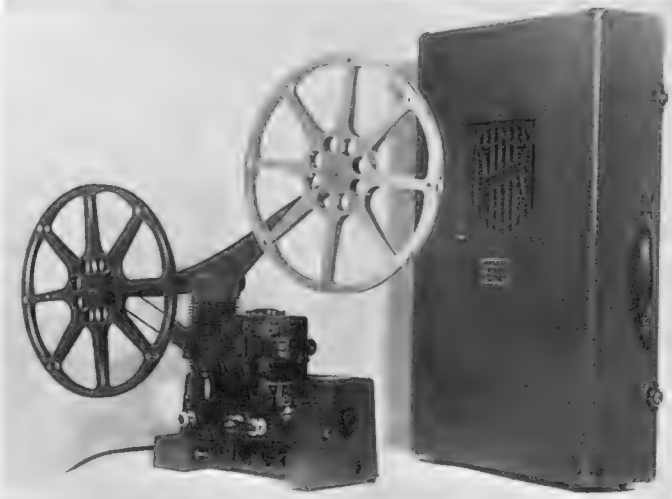
Preface every shining hour, every dance and every party with Pinaud's "Préface," a new perfume which imparts charm and glamour to the wearer. It has an arresting fragrance which stirs the senses and livens the imagination, while the cut-glass bottle is an ornament in itself. "Préface" is sold by all the leading stores

Wallace Heaton

Order These To Be Sent

Ready-mixed cocktails are ideal for impromptu parties, as they require no preparing. A selection of Gordon's well-known drinks is given on the right, and includes the "Perfect Trio," namely, Dry Gin, Orange Gin, and Lemon Gin, costing 36s. the set

Your friends would choose Seagram's Whisky for themselves, so why not choose it for them? There are two excellent brands, "V.O." Rye and Straight Bourbon, both of which are used extensively for mixing whisky and other cocktails



Entertain your guests on Christmas night with "Home Talkies." The equipment works off the electric main like a radiogram, and is easy to manipulate, while the programme is very varied. Bell and Howell's "Filmosound" is shown on the left from Wallace Heaton, 127, New Bond Street

Good wine is always welcome, so be sure to write for a Christmas price list from Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street. It contains many valuable suggestions for wines, spirits and cigars which will solve all gift problems

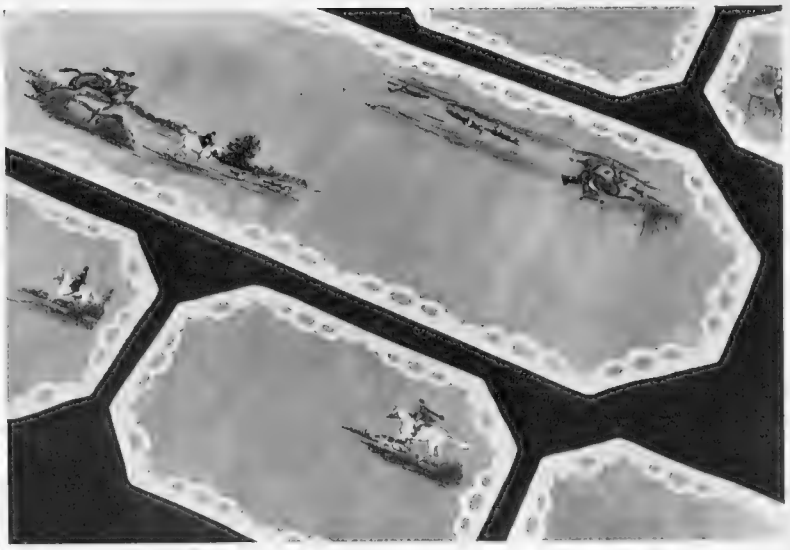
Make merry with a bottle of Cointreau and enjoy its clean flavour, is the advice of one connoisseur to another. This well-balanced liqueur is famous for its excellence, and sold by all leading wine merchants

One always associates champagne with Christmas festivities and gay parties, so much so that it has come to be regarded as essential to a successful evening. Bollinger's Special Cuvée is ideal for social functions of every kind, as it possesses a delicate bouquet which appeals to the most fastidious palate

Wallace Heaton

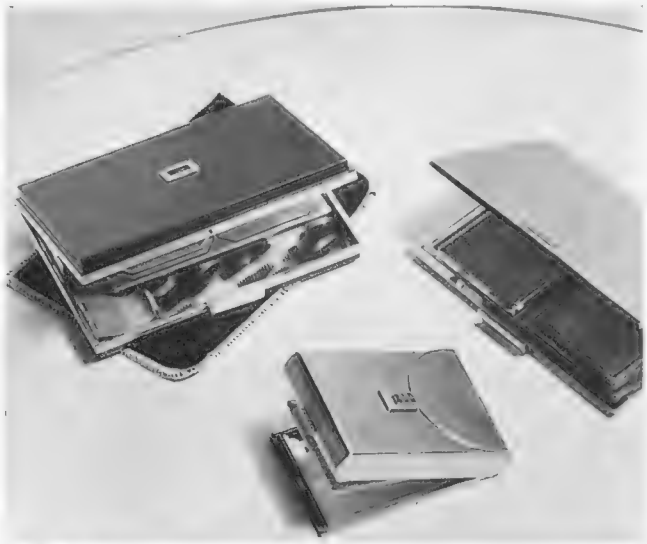
A Mixed Bag

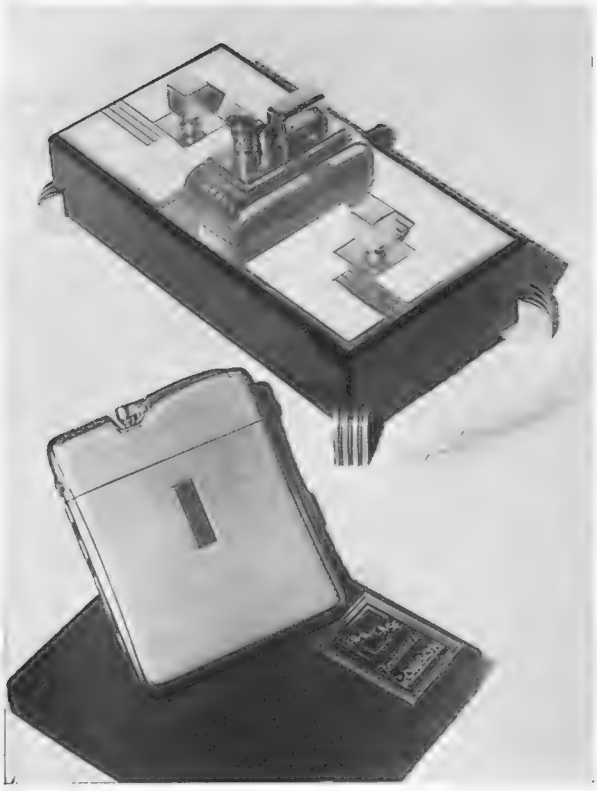
An exquisite set of dinner mats hand-painted with hunting scenes is shown on the right from Walpole, New Bond Street. The design is exclusive to this firm and takes about four weeks to produce, as the mats are made of finest organdie. There are thirteen in a set, counting the very decorative centre-piece



The children's corner at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, is full of amusing toys, including the group above. This is chiefly composed of visitors from overseas and includes a donkey and cowboy from the Middle West, together with a delightfully "tubby" Australian tree-bear

Practical presents are all very well, but they should also be personal to be really flattering. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, suggest a cocktail-bag or a combined powder and cigarette-case. Both are included in the group below, the cocktail-case in black lacquer with marcasite, and the two-fold "vanity" in engine-turned gilt





Now that smoking has become so universal, it is always safe to send a Ronson case. The cigarette-box on the left is very new with its touch-tip lighter, while the Ten-a-Case model below is easily carried. It is fitted with a lighter and holds ten cigarettes

If you are sending him a lighter, you must follow it up with a box of "De Reszke" cigarettes for the family. These are obtainable in two sizes, large and small, packed in tins with decorative covers. Sixty "De Reszke" Minors cost 2s., while the Major size is 2s. 6d. for fifty

Wallace Heaton

Suggestions for Christmas from.....

The House of Lovely Things

GIFTS from Woollands—the phrase in itself carries the assurance of high appreciation, for this is a House whose productions are specially designed to attain an unusual beauty together with superb quality. A personal visit will reveal a glorious variety of choice.

The New "Money" Hand-Bag

DESIGNED BY and EXCLUSIVE TO WOOLLANDS

The attractive ornament is really a Purse for your loose change, and has a charming design of Marcasite and simulated Sapphire, Emerald or Ruby. The Bag is in rich Black Satin, lined Oyster Satin. Inner division, mirror, and puff case in pocket. Size: 6½×8 in. **89/6**

F.B.142. For smart wear, a replica of a Paris model HAND-BAG in Calf or Suède lined Faille, inner division, Mirror in pocket, with smart Gilt frame. Colours: Black, Navy, Nigger. Size 6½×5¾ in. **21/-**

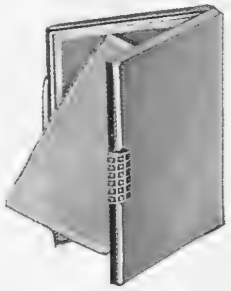
F.B.143. Carry a Suède and Patent HANDBAG to match your shoes, above is of attractive shape with centre band and handle of Patent. Colours: Black, Brown, Navy. Size 8×7½ in. **21/-**

F.B.127. Calf and Suède combined are to-day's fashion, charmingly expressed in this BAG with attractive handle; it has a fixed Purse and Mirror in pocket. Also in Suède in the new Foxglove colouring. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown. Size 6½ × 7½ in. **10/9**

F.B.121. Calf Leather BAG with smart clasp and new short handle. Style and finish to please the most fastidious taste. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown. Size 7½×8 in. **15/9**

F.A.101. Attractive FOB WATCH. Leather Strap framed in Chrome. Colours: Black, Blue, Beige. **17/9**

F.A.102. Delightful gift FOB WATCH, in leather, the seasons novelty. Colours: Red, Beige. **14/9**



F.H.238 Distinctive POWDER-CASE in Gilt with delightful clasp of simulated Ruby, Sapphire or Emerald. Size 2¼ × 2¼ in. **18/9**

The BOOK OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS now ready—full of suggestions. SENT POST FREE.
Articles are packed in artistic boxes for presentation.

F.B.264. WRITING CASE with zipp fastener, in Hazel pigskin, containing stationery, pencil and loose blotter. Size 8×10¼ in. **21/-**

Woollands

of Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Telephone: SLOane 4545.

F.B.269. Charming gift. Fitted DRESSING CASE in Morocco grain leather, fittings in colour, lined moiré. Green with Green fittings, Blue/Blue, Black/Green. Size 8½×12⅛×4½. **25/9**

All keen smokers appreciate the subtle flavour of Wills's cigarettes which are obtainable in special Christmas boxes. The oak cabinet above is made in several sizes to hold either "Gold Flake" or "Capstan," and costs as little as 3s. 10d. for fifty cigarettes, while both brands, as well as "Three Castles," are available in picture cartons

Good Mixers

"Dinner at Eight" with Bols liqueurs as the crowning success. Cherry Brandy, Apricot, and Crême de Menthe are particularly delicious, while Bolskummel is a special favourite among men. There are also Bols liqueur chocolates for the whole family

Drink the health of all your friends with Dewar's "White Label" whisky. The case on the left is specially packed for Christmas and is obtainable containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles, so be sure to order several from your wine merchant

Over a hundred and thirty years of experience and skill in blending and distilling lie behind Seager's Dry Gin, which is the basis of many excellent drinks and cocktails. It is particularly refreshing mixed with lime juice or tonic water

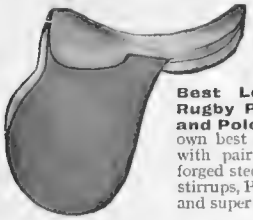
Sherry is a favourite drink these days, and one which is universally enjoyed. Four excellent brands of Findlater's sherry are shown below; they are obtainable in a sample case containing a bottle of each for £1 carriage paid

Wallace Heaton

G. P. Estab 1851

HUNTING & POLO SADDLES, WHIPS, FLASKS and all STABLE REQUIREMENTS

Established over 80 years, we are specialists in high-class Hunting and Polo Equipment. Patrons find all their requirements amongst our lists. Visit our premises and inspect the largest stock of London-made Polo and Hunting saddles, both new and second-hand



HUNTING and POLO SADDLES

Best Leather lined Rugby Panel Hunting and Polo Saddles, (our own best make), complete with pair of super hand-forged steel or super-nickel stirrups, Pair super leathers and super woollen girths **£11 11 0**

Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel ditto Saddle, complete as above **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto as above **£9 9 0**

others from £5 10 0

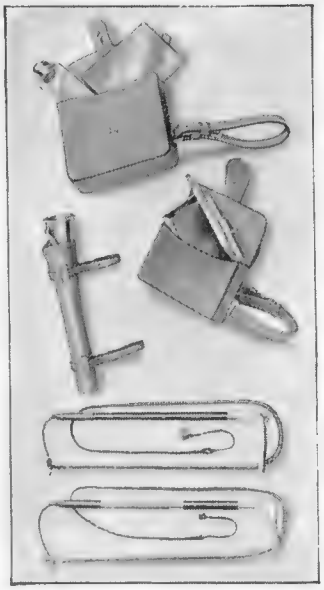
If with Folded Leather Girths 10/6 extra

LADIES' & GENT'S FLASKS

Hunting Flasks containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **35/-**

HORSE CLOTHING

We are specialists in Summer and Winter Clothing and our Sheets, Rugs, Blankets, etc., are of Super quality at moderate prices.



Description of Goods Illustrated above:

Hunting Canteen, 5¾in. × 5½in. × 1⅞in containing Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid and Hunting Flask, E.P. bayonet top **60/-**

Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid in leather case 5½in. × 3½in. × 1in. deep, complete **30/-**

Copper Hunting Horns, each **15/-** and **12/6**

Leather Case for same, **18/6** and **22/6**

Hunting Whips, plaited leather silver mount with thong **25/-**

Ditto with E.P. mount **21/-**

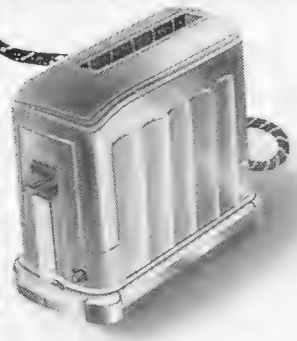
Let us quote you for all your stable requirements.

GEO. PARKER & SONS (SADDLERS) LIMITED

Only Address: 12, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 1164. Telegrams: "Cavesson, Lesquare, London."

TOASTMASTER Toaster



Every slice toasted just as you like it

The Ideal BIRTHDAY / WEDDING / CHRISTMAS } GIFT

The TOASTMASTER Toaster gives light, medium, or dark brown toast, *exactly as you like it*, automatically—the same every time. Set the dial, press down the lever, and in a few seconds your perfectly-toasted toast will be ready. The thermostatic control automatically shuts off the current as soon as the toast is done. Attractive design—Chromium plated.

Model 1. 1-slice (as illustrated), £3 10. Model 2. 2-slice, £6

Any voltage available from 100 to 250, A.C. or D.C. Please state voltage when ordering.

Larger models for Hotels, Restaurants, and Hospitals. Enquiries invited

Obtainable from leading stores or direct from:

FRANK V. MAGRINI LTD., 19-23 Oxford St., London, W.1. Tel.: GER. 4551

Manufacturers and Distributors of all modern electrical kitchen equipment.

Give three of a kind . . .

HÉLÈNE Lipsticks for an original, useful and personal gift. From eleven lovely colours select three to suit her and her social life —morning, noon and night. They're slightly moist—to keep lips as soft as velvet—indelible as any, and come in No's. 1 (light) to 7 (dark) and four new shades — raspberry, cherry, tomato or No. 23—a vivid scarlet for evening. 3/6 each.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd London SW1

HÉLÈNE

Christmas Bazaar

Brides appreciate something for the house in Old Bleach Linen. The table-cloth on the right is in two-tone damask woven in linen and rayon. It is made in several sizes and shades, with napkins to match

Tea-drinking is a national characteristic which we all enjoy, so why not send your friends the canister of Doctor's China Tea below? It has a delightful flavour and is particularly good for invalids, as it will not harm the most delicate digestion

An unusual and practical present is a bottle of Brylcreem. This excellent preparation is absolutely free from gum and imparts a splendid gloss to the hair; it is available in bottles, jars, and tubes from all good chemists

There is no question of underdone toast with the automatic Toastmaster toaster below. Just drop in the bread, press down the lever, and the current comes on automatically, browning both sides at once. This ingenious machine is made in several sizes and sold by all the leading stores

Here are a few suggestions from Schweppes, the well-known makers of fruit drinks and table waters. They include sparkling Grape Fruit, Ginger Ale, and Green Ginger Wine, which is alcoholic and very warming

Wallace Heaton

Walpoles' exclusive handkerchiefs

A glance through our letters these days is both interesting and gratifying—orders from Wellington to Vancouver, Buenos Aires to Stockholm. Particularly popular are our fine linen handkerchiefs, both for ladies and gentlemen. These six examples show the attractive effect of the new Cut Cord Borders.

GIFT BOOKLET NOW READY.

Men's Evening Handkerchiefs in Fine Linen Lawn, again with new Cut Cord borders.

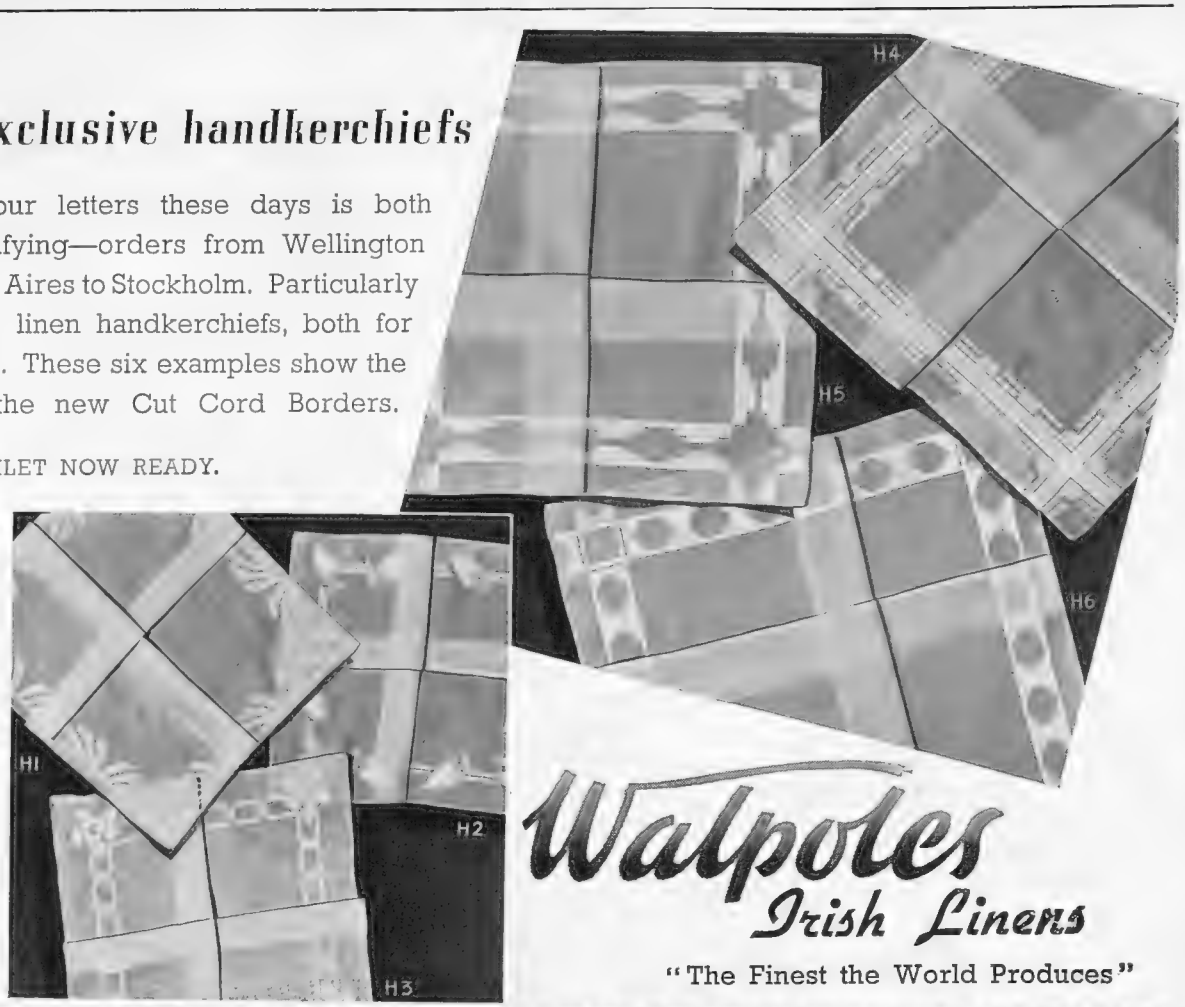
H.4. Size 19 ins. **35/6** per doz.
H.5. ,, 18½ ,, **37/6** ,, ,,
H.6. ,, 19 ,, **42/-** ,, ,,

Newest designs in Ladies' Fine Linen Lawn Handkerchiefs with novelty Cut Cord borders.

H.1. Size 11½ ins. **21/6** per doz.
H.2. Size 11 ins. **23/6** per doz.
H.3. Size 11½ ins. **25/6** per doz.

★

Exquisite Linens
Exclusive Clothes



Walpoles
Irish Linens
"The Finest the World Produces"

87-91 NEW BOND STREET • 175-176 SLOANE STREET • 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

BY APPOINTMENT

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

JASMINE
CARNATION
ROSE GERANIUM
ROMAN HYACINTH

FLORIS
PERFUMER
89, JERMYN STREET, LONDON

for FACE & HANDS

YOU can *tell* the Larola Girl! Easy assurance and confidence born of a sense of physical well-being marks the Larola Girl. She is always the centre of admiration — for who can resist the beauty and charm of a soft, smooth, clear complexion and delicate white hands? With Larola as her ever-ready aid, her skin is immune from the ravages of wintry weather, free from chaps, spots, blemishes and irritation. And Larola is easy and pleasant to use and economical too. Make up your mind to use Larola on your hands and face this winter — and always.

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets **2/-**. *Single Tablets* **8d.** *Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge) the natural Tint, Sifter Boxes, with puff,* **1/-** *and* **2/6.** *Larola Face Powder, in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes with Puff* **2/6** *each.*

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

BEETHAM'S **Larola**

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM

Write for a copy of the interesting Larola Booklet, " ***The Cult of Beauty,*** *" post free*

Boots for GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

MAYFAIR BAG. Calf, with double handles and flat base, full depth gilt frame, concertina gussets, silk lined, with attached purse and mirror. 25/6

FLAPOVER BAG. Calf, wi h fluted front, short handle, no frame, silk lined, with attached purse and mirror. 21/-

BRIDGE SET. Consisting of two packs of playing cards, supply of score cards, and four pencils. 12/6

These are typical of the HUNDREDS of ideas you'll find at Boots

182, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
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B346-188

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD

GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY & PYORRHŒA

Proper care of the teeth and gums is to-day recognised as one of the major factors in the preservation of health, and by the prevention of tooth decay and Pyorrhœa many crippling ailments, such as Rheumatism and Arthritis are avoided.

You cannot restore a tooth once it has decayed, and Pyorrhœa is most difficult to remove when it has become established. Common sense, therefore, dictates the wisdom of prevention, and your best safeguard to ensure that the teeth and gums are kept healthy and germ free is to rinse the mouth and gargle each night and morning with a little Sanitas in water (about one third strength.) Sanitas kills all germs.

Germicidal Antiseptic for all Household Purposes and Personal Hygiene

SANITAS

The SAFEGUARD

Recommended by Doctors and Nurses for over 60 years.

6d. 1/- 1/6

The large size is fitted with a sprinkler top.

Wilcox

ESTABLISHED 1760.

for Mellowness

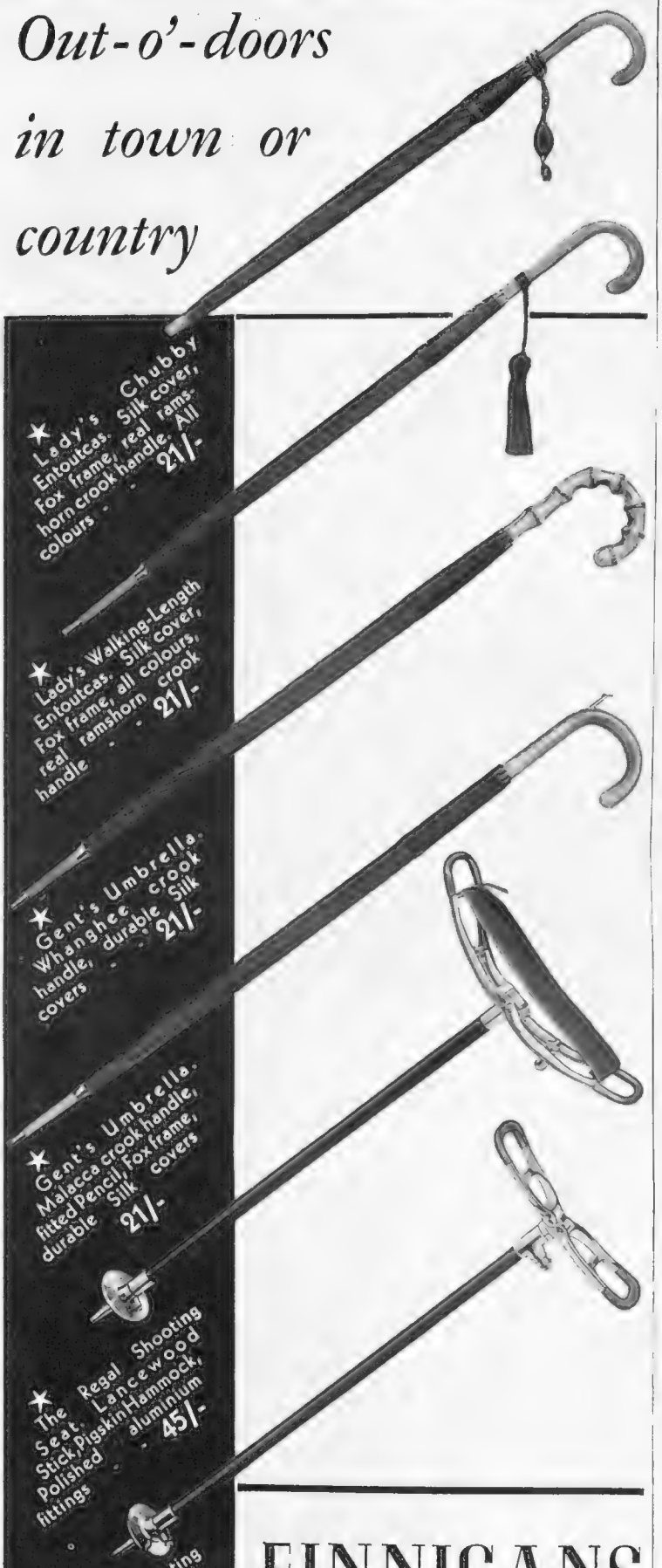
If your preference is for a whisky mellowed and matured as an old vintage wine, your choice will be

SANDEMAN'S V.V.O. SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to Messrs. SANDEMAN & SONS, Ltd., 25-27 Forth St., EDINBURGH

Out-o'-doors in town or country



★ Lady's Chubby Entoutcas. Silk cover, Fox frame, real ram's-horn crook handle. All colours - - 21/-

★ Lady's Walking-Length Entoutcas. Silk cover, Fox frame, all colours, real ramshorn crook handle - - 21/-

★ Gent's Umbrella. Whanghee crook handle, durable Silk covers - - 21/-

★ Gent's Umbrella. Malacca crook handle, fitted Pencil, Fox frame, durable Silk covers 21/-

★ The Regal Shooting Seat. Lancewood Stick, Pigskin Hammock, polished aluminium fittings - - 45/-

★ Field Bright Shooting Seat. Pigskin-covered Lancewood Stick, polished aluminium fittings - - 27/6

FINNIGANS

17-20 New Bond Street, London, W.1

and at 123 Deansgate, Manchester, 3

Boots for GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

"NUMBER SEVEN" BEAUTY CASE

A real pigskin case fitted with a set of the famous No. 7 Beauty Preparations.

42/-

WOODEN TABLE MATS

In a decorative stand consisting of six wine glass mats, six plate mats, and three oval dish mats.

8/11

WRITING CASE

Real Leather case with calendar and pockets for stamps. Zipp fastener.

11/6

These are typical of the HUNDREDS of ideas you'll find at Boots

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36, QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF.

B347-188 BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Elizabeth Walker

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Walker, of Ballards, Wickham Bishops, Essex, and is to marry John D'Arcy Anderson, the 5th Inniskillings, son of the late Major R. D'A. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, of Ballyhossett, Downpatrick, Co. Down

Pearl Freeman

Frances Taggart Smyth

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Taggart Smyth, of Montreal, Canada, and is to marry William Carruthers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carruthers, of Cadanac, Chilford, Cheshire

Lenare

Aileen Horstmann

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Horstmann, of Wassenaar, Holland; she is engaged to, and will marry next week in The Hague, Raymond Clive Wilson, only son of the late Major Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of 55, Stockleigh Hall, Regent's Park

Lenare

Elizabeth Alice Upcott

Is the youngest daughter of Sir Gilbert Upcott and the late Mrs. Upcott, of 13, Bishopswood Road, N.6; she is engaged to Anthony George Hobhouse Clay, younger son of Sir Felix and Lady Clay, of 18, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11

Bassano

Betty Hoyle

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hoyle, of Ashby, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire; she is to marry Paul Bryan, son of the Rev. Dr. Ingram Bryan and Mrs. Bryan, of Milton Ernest, Bedford

Lenare

Pamela Mary Shekleton

Is the only child of Brig.-Gen. H. P. Shekleton, C.B., C.M.G., of 20, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone; she is engaged to Charles Graham Rickett, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Norman Rickett, of Kingswood Manor, Lower Kingswood, Surrey

Lenare

Joan Winifred Shipway

Is the elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Shipway, of 55, York Terrace, Regent's Park, and is engaged to Victor James Beesley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Beesley, of Brightwalton, near Newbury

Lenare

Janet Myfanwy Trevaskis

Is the eldest daughter of the Rev. H. K. and Mrs. Trevaskis, of The Rectory, Rusper, Sussex; she is engaged to Gavin Purves-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith, of 21, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells

Lenare

Bunty Wilson

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Wilson, of Prestwood, Great Missenden; she is to marry Henry Sinclair Hays, elder son of the late J. S. Hays and Mrs. Hays, of Crosby Lodge, Crosby-on-Eden, Carlisle

Lenare

Helen Sandeman

Helen Diana Hope Sandeman, only daughter of Major Malcolm Sandeman and Mrs. Sandeman, of 8, Wear Bay Crescent, Folkestone, is engaged to Dick Edwardes, 10th Gurkha Rifles, younger son of Col. and Mrs. J. G. Edwardes, of St. Martin's, Bexley

Lenare

Betty Wood

Is the daughter of the late John Wood and Mrs. Grace Wood, of 16, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1; she is engaged to Raymond John Lambert, son of the late St. John Murray Lambert and Mrs. Hubert, of Tadley Court, near Basingstoke

Catherine Bell

Norma Lyons-Montgomery

Is the second daughter of Captain and Mrs. Kynaston Lyons-Montgomery, of Kenhurst, Pontac, Jersey, and 36, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7; she is engaged to Leslie Pott, H.M. Vice-Consul, Foreign Office

Hay Wrightson

Diana Irwin

Is the second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, of Justicetown, Carlisle, and has announced her engagement to Rupert Smithers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Langley Smithers, of Court Lodge, Knockholt, Kent

Lenare

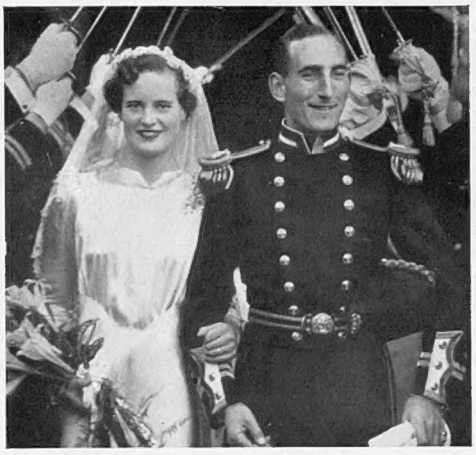
Anne Tritton

Is the second daughter of the late Arthur Tritton and Mrs. Tritton, of Denford Mill, Hungerford; she is engaged to Nigel John Mordaunt, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Mordaunt, of 23, Great Cumberland Place, W.1

Lenare

Diana Brassey

Is the youngest daughter of Captain Robert Brassey, of The Node, Hitchin, Herts.; she is engaged to Captain Humphrey William Lloyd, The Royals, younger son of Brig.-Gen. A. H. Lloyd, of Leaton Knolls, Shrewsbury



Grace — Wallace

Lieut. John Grace, R.N., younger son of the late Admiral and Mrs. H. E. Grace, and Evelyn Dora Winifred Wallace, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wallace, of The School House, Sherborne, Dorset, were married at Abbey Church, Sherborne

Fletcher — Cruddas

Michael Victor Fletcher, Queen's Royal Regiment, only son of the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Fletcher, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., married Elizabeth Molloy Cruddas at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lloyd Cruddas, of Brook House, Park Lane, W.

O'Brien — Wardlaw

Captain Brian Logan O'Brien, The King's Regiment, and Horatia Wardlaw were married at Brompton Parish Church. He is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. O'Brien, of Auckland, N.Z.; she is the daughter of the late G. L. Wardlaw and Mrs. Wardlaw, of Horsham, Sussex

Webber — Grant

Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Webber, of the Greyhound Racing Association, married Mrs. Signe Grant at the Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of the late W. M. Johnsen and Mrs. Bain, of Beechcroft, Bickley, Kent

Deas — Pigé-Leschallas

W. Malcolm Deas, Royal Tank Corps, only son of Colonel and Mrs. L. J. M. Deas, of 20, Milton Road, Bournemouth, and Anne Findlay Pigé-Leschallas, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Pigé-Leschallas, of Charminster, Dorset, were married at St. Mary's, Charminster

Gifts for Friends who Travel

Man's Attaché Dressing Case.
Hazel Pigskin, fitted 2 Ivory Hairbrushes, Cloth Brush, Ivory top Soap Jar, Oil Bottle, Powder Jar, Tooth Brush and Shaving Soap Jars, turnback Shaving Brush, Pigskin Stud Box, leather back Mirror and Manicure set. Size 14½ × 9 × 3 ins. £16 17 6

Man's Fitted Case.
Pigskin leather, 2 Ivory Hairbrushes, 1 Cloth Brush, Gillette Razor, Shaving and Tooth Brushes, Shaving Soap and Toilet Soap in Chromium tubes, Leather backed Mirror and Manicure set. Zipp-fastened. Size 11 × 9 × 2¼ ins. £7 15 0

Lady's Fitted Dressing Case.
In fine Rawhide with folding tray which closes into separate Morocco leather case. Fittings best enamel on Sterling Silver. Hand-mirror, Hairbrush, Clothes Brush and Comb, Powder Jar with Tray, 2 Cream Jars, 4 Lotion Bottles, Jewel box and Manicure fittings. Size 22 × 14 × 7 ins. £38 10 0

Harrods

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

St. Moritz

6000 FEET

3 RECENT ENTERPRISES:

- New aerodrome. Auxiliary air service. London to St. Moritz in 5 hours
- New sleigh funicular to 8734 feet (Corviglia)
- Extension of skilift to 8727 feet (Piz Nair)

March — best month for ski-ing. 10 hours sunshine.

Full particulars and sports programme free from the following Hotels, the St. Moritz Information Bureau, 29—31 Regent Street, London, and travel agencies.

The Big Five: THE GRAND HOTEL — THE KULM HOTEL THE SUVRETTA — THE PALACE — THE CARLTON

It's a party! . . . . . Eyes sparkling, smiles dancing with a new allure in the soft light of graceful Venetian Candles. With guests at their best, every party is an 'occasion' when candle-light transforms the dinner table. Choose Venetian Candles next time—they're brighter and burn better.

PRICE'S VENETIAN CANDLES

Note for Society Hostesses . . . Most effective for table decoration and lighting, are the new "Flower-lights." In various colours, from leading stores, 1/3 per box of six.

ASTHMA

New Low Price of 4/-

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

Sufferers from Asthma paroxysms the world over find the HIMROD famous formula is the one that gives them blessed relief. Relaxes bronchial tubes; relieves difficult breathing and that dreadful gasping. Used for 65 years. Ask for HIMROD'S at your chemist.

HIMROD'S CURE

Better than Sweets

A·G·BRAND ELVAS PLUMS

Give a box this Xmas

ON SALE NOW

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER *of* THE BYSTANDER

STORIES and ARTICLES by:
EVELYN WAUGH, NEILL BELL, PETER BELLOC, DOROTHY BLACK, CELIA DALE, CLAUDIA PARSONS, W.D.H. McCULLOUGH, HERBERT FARJEON, MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT, STEVIE SMITH

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